JUNE

# The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

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# The Wisconsin Magazine

June, 1924

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

Vol. II No. 4

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The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
JUNE, 1924

# Bruno Ertz, Wisconsin Artist

## 4,000 of His Paintings Hang in Private Art Galleries All Over the World

*By Vincent D. Engel*

ERTZ may be described generally as a contemplative; a man whose ways are leisurely and sober; who holds his fellows; has a purpose which he understands and works it out wth strokes at once, firm, straightforward and productive. He is a genuine contemplative—a man determined in his work and yet absolutely indifferent as to the impression which that work may make upon the world. "A man paints," says Ertz, "because he must paint. Because the desire to do so is above and more urgent than any other desire. Because in it he finds his greatest enjoyment—his greatest pleasure."

### Content in Art

Ertz seeks contentment in his art, and finds it there. And because his work provides such an abiding satisfaction for him, he cares no whit how the world may view it, what the world may think of it. "No work of art ever was done for money," he says. "The joy in expression is the impulse back of the artist. Money is the making, not the goal."

And here Ertz, whether he will admit it or not, is speaking with the voice of authority. Have not his paintings of birds and moths been termed by officials of the Smithsonian as "greater than Audubon's?" There are 4,000 of them, including about 400 microscopic paintings of bees and butterflies and about 3,500 paintings of bird subjects scattered throughout the world, in the private collections of the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers and other famous patrons of art! more than 1,000 of them in Milwaukee alone. And every single painting, so far as can be ascertained is privately owned. The worth of Bruno Ertz is recognized wherever artists gather, and wherever topics of art are discussed. This is the fame which has come to the artist of Wisconsin who has worked for 40 years towards one goal, without once having lost sight of it, or having been swerved from his aims by the hurry and the stress on every side.

Bruno Ertz, Wisconsin Artist and Bird Authority

Those 40 years of activity began about the time he was 11 years of age. He was born in Manitowoc in 1873, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl C. Ertz. Both parents were of German ancestry. Bruno received all his schooling in Manitowoc, and for a short period after leaving the schools, worked in the factories and shipyards of his native town. At the age of 15, however, he abandoned all other work to devote his entire time to painting and has never attempted any other vocation. He was married 29 years ago in Manitowoc, and soon after moved to Milwaukee. Upon the death of Mrs. Ertz six years ago, however, he returned to Manitowoc, which has been his home since. The artist has two children, Viola, who is attending the University of

Chicago, and Gladys who lives with him in Manitowoc.

### Specializes in Bird Paintings

The desire to paint—to find expression by means of the brush and color, manifested itself early in Bruno Ertz. This desire was not the result of drawing lessons received in school, but was the innate urge of a boy with artistic leanings to recreate on paper the creatures of meadow and wood in which he took an abounding delight. Even in the beginning, some instinct of the lad's nature warned him that pictures must be faithful to their subjects, and so he copied the lines and colorings of the birds from plates in a Natural History book, but posed the subjects in attitudes which he had seen them take in their living state. The fact that Ertz now specializes almost altogether in bird paintings is not surprising when it is known that even as a boy his drawings were more often of birds than any other subject. The artist himself says of this trait: "Birds always delighted me. As far back as I can remember, I took pleasure in noting the peculiarities in the different plumage and in their habits."

Natural then, that being an artist, he should paint the subjects which gave, and still give him, such delight.

### All Are Purchased

Where the first painting produced by Bruno Ertz now hangs, it cannot be said. Proof enough, however, of the worth of his early studies, is found in the fact that everything he ever produced has been purchased. His first attempts were acquired by Manitowoc persons, many of whom have since moved to other places. The first set which he sold an art dealer included: Flamingo, a Least Bittern, and an Owl feeding its young. The art dealer, however, has long since passed into oblivion, and Ertz himself does not know who are the present owners of these pictures.

No art school can lay claim to having aided Bruno Ertz to the fame which is now rightly his. No teacher can point to him and say: "There goes my pupil, I taught him." He is that rarest of humans—a self taught artist. His friends use this fact as added proof of his genius —Ertz himself, modest as any of the little creatures he portrays, will not discuss it except to say "I sometimes wonder what difference an art school training would have had in my work." But his friends will point out that no teacher of art could possibly have taught him to paint a bird. They say "An art school gives one the knowledge of technique, of theory and of the manner of applying colors. But such knowledge can never alone make an artist. And the true artistic soul, if left to itself, will discover these things for and by itself, for they are innate with it." Certainly this is true of Ertz. Without the aid of any guide but his own instinct, he developed rapidly, and by the age of 20 had sold paintings to patrons of art in many cities of the state. In Milwaukee an Ertz vogue developed, and the offices and homes of hundreds of persons in that city displayed his birds. And the development was not surprising, for the work of Ertz has always meant more to men than merely beautiful painting. It has brought memories of pleasant woodland trips, of hikes along quiet bypaths where the thrasher sang, and the warbler nested, and the tanager flashed his vivid plumage. And so to the business man looking up from his office work to the Ertz painting on the wall, the picture there has held a value high in sentiment as in artistry.

**A Beautiful Little Sample of the Work of Bruno Ertz**

### Rockefeller Has Many

Thus it was to be expected that patrons of art should take an interest in Ertz, as they did, and to recommend his paintings to their friends. Wealthy men purchased Ertz birds for themselves, and then acquired others which they presented as gifts to friends. The Ertz pictures which now hang in Rockefeller's private collection went there as gifts from various friends of the oil magnate. About 15 years ago the Baron Rothschild became interested in the Wisconsin artist, and purchased a number of paintings which now hang in the nobleman's private collection at Tring, England. East and west, north and south, the work of the Badger artist is known, but of course Wisconsin residents own more of his pictures than those of other states. Outside of Milwaukee, Racine has shown a greater appreciation of his work than any other city in Wisconsin.

At the age of 39, Ertz painted the first of the miniature moths and insects which have since become so famous. With the aid of a powerful lens, he studied the markings of moths and bumble bees, and painted the miniatures which are absolutely unique in the field of art. These pictures were the ones which interested Baron Rothschild, and among his Ertz paintings are the Luna, Cecropia and Polyhemus moths. After almost 20 years of this sort of work, however, the strain of peering through the power lens has caused Ertz to abandon the miniatures. In the future, bird subjects are to command his exclusive attention. At present, he is engaged in painting illustrations for the volume which Mrs. Herbert Maine of Fort Atkinson has written on "Birds East of the Mississippi." Commercial illustrations, however, have not and will not attract him. His nearest approach to this is the painting of birds for magazine covers, the latest of which, portraying a pair of grosbeaks, adorned the April, 1924, number of "Outdoor Monthly."

"A man paints because he must paint. Because in it he finds his greatest enjoyment—his greatest pleasure."

### Is Naturalist Also

Ertz knows and appreciates the truth of that statement, and yet he has spent almost as much time in naturalistic studies as in developing his art. The result is that he now posssesses a double reputation—there is Bruno Ertz, the naturalist, and Bruno Ertz, the artist. His name is found high in the lists under both headings. He knows the habits of insects as well as he knows the habits of birds. And it is worth knowing that Ertz' insect studies have been rewarded with greater financial returns than his bird paintings. The tiny, miniature paintings of bees and moths, only a few

inches square in size, were sold for $500 and upwards each.

The least expensive of the Ertz bird paintings with natural background sell for $35. Lately, however, the artist has been making a number of paintings which he calls "decorative designs," and which are in demand by persons who cannot afford the more expensive work. A display of this type contains no natural setting; the bird is painted against the black background of the poster board. He plans to make more of these pictures in the future, but it is probable he will change the black boards for gold. These poster displays can be obtained at prices between $10 and $25.

Bruno Ertz is a booster for Wisconsin —for Wisconsin men, Wisconsin industries, and most of all, Wisconsin scenic resources. And the source of his inspiration can be traced to Wisconsin woods and meadows. Although at one time he painted a number of South American birds, he delights most in depicting the feathered creatures that inhabit the woods with which he is most familiar. "I cannot explain the vogue in some places for painting of foreign birds," he said. "Why not, if one is a patron of art, purchase paintings of subjects with which one is well acquainted? And why not, if one is an artist, paint the things with which one is most familiar?" Mr. Ertz has traveled to various parts of the union in order to study birds native to those sections, but he does not indorse the practice as a general thing. "I can't find birds in towns," he declares, "and when I am in a strange section of the country, I must employ a guide to bring me to the bird haunts. But guides usually are too noisy and inquisitive, and noise is hostile to bird sketching. I can find more and better subjects in an hour's walk through the woods near Manitowoc than in a week's trip with a guide through unfamiliar woodlands. Utmost care must be exercised in looking for birds," according to Ertz. "A sparrow will sit on a bush while you pass by" he observed, " but take out a pad and begin to sketch, and he will be frightened away. The powers of observation must be developed. To be able to observe quickly and accurately is one secret of bird painting."

*(Continued on page 39)*

# The Norris Farm for Boys

## A Permanent Home, Privately Owned, Where Needy Boys Are Cared for

*By Donald E. Hollister*

"AND so it happened—," When we consider an institution, organization, a public or private enterprise as it exists today, we invariably inquire as to the origin. We try to uncover the circumstances which led to its establishment. In short, we want to know its history.

The roots of the present Norris Farm for boys were planted in 1917. I was more than passively interested, for the first summer camp site selected by Mr. Norris was a spot which had been the scene of my play days, and before me, the scene of my father's and grandfather's play days. On the place can still be seen evidences of Indian habitation in the form of mounds and a great circular earth work, and there, in a grove of knotted old oak trees on the south bank of the Fox river had been my first camp site. Near it was the only "old' swimmin' hole" I had ever known. Although the property had passed from the jurisdiction of my family, I nevertheless resented the invasion of these campers from the city.

Why did they come? We well remember how during the war the government pleaded for greater food production. One form of response was in allowing city boys to leave school early in the summer to work on the farms. It occurred to Mr. Norris, who had long been interested in boys' work, that the juvenile court boys had no place to go in the summer. Accordingly, he decided to establish a farm camp where these wayward youngsters might do some food producing.

The Horse Barn

Real Adventure—Exercising the saddle horse

This was in 1917. The location for the camp, near the T. M. E. R. & L. Company's interurban line, five miles east of Mukwonago, was admirably chosen. Mr. Norris leased the site from Mr. Max Marshall, formerly of Milwaukee, and thirty or forty boys were taken out. They lived in tents and a board shack served as a kitchen and mess hall. A crop was put in, the intention being to keep the boys only until after harvest time. When that time came, it was discovered that some of the boys had no place to go to. Whereupon Mr. Norris conceived the idea of establishing a permanent farm home.

The Norris Farm today, owned and financed by Mr. D. W. Norris of Milwaukee, is a 752 acre tract situated just off the Janesville Plank road at Dodge's Corners, twenty-two miles southwest of Milwaukee. The Fox river bounds the land on the east. Originally the farm was a portion of 1,700 acres which Mr. John Thomas, one of the earliest settlers of the Fox river country, took over from the government in 1836. The part purchased by Mr. Norris was the adjoining farms of Mr. Clarence Thomas and Mr. Albert Thomas, grandsons of John Thomas.

The Farm is primarily a home for boys between the ages of ten and fourteen who are delinquents, dependents, or whose parents are unable or incapable of taking care of them. Mr. Norris takes them only after carefully considering whether the care and training which the Farm offers is the best suited to the individual case. The Milwaukee Juvenile court cooperates with Mr. Norris to some extent, and most of the lads who have gone to the farm have been Milwaukee boys. Knowledge of the nature of Mr. Norris's work, however, has become widespread, and he now receives appeals from ministers, rotary clubs, and other individuals and organizations throughout the country interested in boys' work. Naturally a large number of the appeals must be turned down. At present there are on the Farm three boys from California, one from New Mexico, and two from Illinois. The rest are Wisconsin boys, approximately ninety per cent of them from Milwaukee, which city also has many more cases than the Farm can care for.

The two Thomas farms, which together make up the Norris property, each had their old-fashioned houses and spacious barns. The house and barn on one place were destroyed by fire shortly after Mr. Norris made his purchase. These buildings have been replaced by modern and artistic structures. The house on the other place, a grand old home of a generation ago, still stands and is in good repair. The Farm office is in this building. The new house accommodates thirty boys of thirteen and fourteen year ages; 24 boys, fifteen years and older, live in the old house, and a third home, smaller and built to take care of the youngest boys, houses twelve.

Shortly after Mr. Norris bought the Farm, he built a camp on the river about half a mile from the farm buildings. This camp is opened in the summer time. There are fourteen uniform barracks arranged in crescent form on the wooded bank. Each barrack has bunks for eleven boys and a leader.

Central kitchen and mess hall occupy another building. Here the boys may experience all the thrills of camp life. The woods are all about, and the river, a stone's throw away, affords swimming and boating.

Mr. Norris himself is "boss" of the entire organization. Assisting him in his work on the Farm are Mr. F. C. Coggeshall and Mr. "Ted" Schroeder, both well known in Milwaukee and elsewhere as Y. M. C. A. secretaries and boys' workers. Mr. Coggeshall, acting in the capacity of secretary to Mr. Norris, looks after the business end of the organization, as well as being, with Mr. Schroeder, a competent supervisor of the boys' work phase. Both gentlemen entered the employ of Mr. Norris in 1917.

Through the Farm's Milwaukee office, Mr. Coggeshall keeps in touch with all the boys who have been on the Farm. A mailing list is kept up-to-date, and at Christmas time each of the boys receives a greeting card. If any of the boys get into difficulty, out of a job, financial distress, or other trouble, they come to this office, where there is always some one to look after them. Once a year a theater party is given for them, and at another time a banquet for the so-called "uster-wasers" is spread in the spacious private garage on Mr. Norris's town estate at Grand avenue and Nineteenth street. Mr. Schroeder spoke briefly of another method of keeping the old timers together: "In the summer we send the trucks into Milwaukee, collect all the boys, and bring them out here for a picnic down at the camp. They're always glad to come back."

On the Farm, the agricultural work is actively supervised by experienced farmers. There exist three more or less distinct divisions of the work; the first takes in the care of the fields and larger crops, another is the care of the stock, and a third the care of the fruit and garden truck. The boys do most of the work under the guidance of the heads of the departments.

"If you could see them come out of school," said Mr. Coggeshall in referring to the work the boys do, "you would see them scatter all over the place. Each of them is going to his work. Each has a definite job to do, and as soon as he does it he is free to play. For instance, the herdsman is at the barn when school is out. Certain of the boys go to him and he tells them what to do. After the task is completed satisfactorily, the boys are free to do as they wish. Then is when the boys' leaders come in, helping with organized recreation, games, and so forth."

The most improved methods of farming are employed, and only pure bred stock is handled: Holstein cattle, Chester White hogs, White Wyandotte and White Leghorn chickens, and Percheron horses. Much of the milk is used on the place as food for the boys and young stock. The surplus is at present sent to a Milwaukee dairy. Garden truck and apples and smaller fruits are taken to Milwaukee market in the Farm trucks.

Several young men act as assistants in looking after the boys. Each of the three homes is in charge of one of these men. The boys take care of their own rooms and do all the necessary work to keep the homes in order. Some of them work in the kitchen, where experienced cooks are in charge. On Wednesday evening the boys have a "mending bee". They are taught how to sew on buttons and keep their clothing in good repair. Wednesday and Saturday nights are "bath nights". "They can take a bath as often as they like in between times," explained Mr. Schroeder, "but on those two nights, there's somebody there to see that they do it."

At present there are sixty-seven boys on the Farm, varying in age from eight to sixteen years. Of these boys, representing fifty-five families, only nineteen of them, representing sixteen families, come from unbroken homes, that is, homes where both parents are living together. In other words, about seventy-five per cent of the boys come from broken homes,—divorced or separated parents, or one or both parents deceased. In some cases the lads are absolutely dependent and would undoubtedly be in an orphanage if Mr. Norris were not caring for them. At present there are three orphans on the Farm for whom Mr. Norris is legal guardian. He acts in the same capacity for several others who are in Milwaukee.

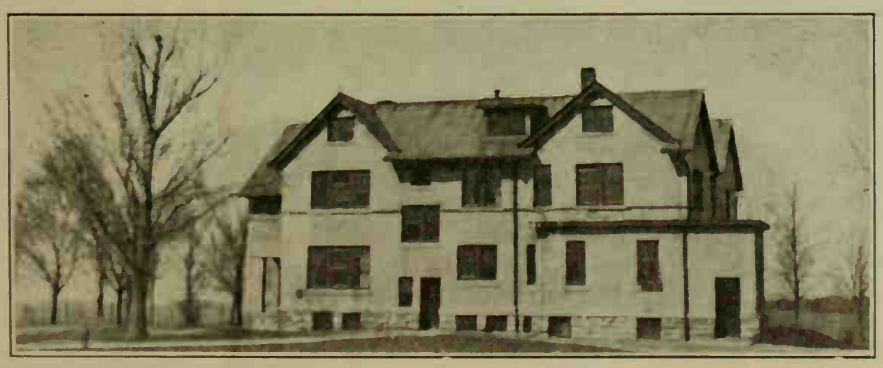
Pets

Mr. Norris built a school on a corner of his land which adjoins the district school property. The two schools, employing three teachers, are operated together for both the Farm boys and children of the district. At present the school is a state graded school managed by the district. In addition to the eight primary grades, the subjects of the first two high school years are taught. When the Farm boys have completed the work of the district school, they are sent to finish high school in the near-by village of Mukwonago. Six of the boys are taking work there this year. According to Mr. Schroeder, the Norris school is to be enlarged so that by next September they will be able to give a full high school course.

Mr. Norris, in addition to the regular taxes, pays into the school budget a sum equivalent to the salary of one teacher. He also built and maintains on his land a cottage for the teachers to live in.

Mr. Schroeder explained the method by which the Farm authorities supervise the boys' school work:

"We have a daily record from the teacher. The boys do their home work in the evening and bring it to the Farm office, where it is placed in an envelope. All the envelopes are sent together to the teacher. If a boy doesn't do his home work, there is, of course, no envelope for him, and he is marked down in deportment for that day. Each day



Largest of the three boys' homes, 30 boys live here

the low deportment marks come to us with the teacher's explanation of why each boy was so marked. Then we see the boys and get their reasons for the low mark, and we are thus able to check up on whether a boy is doing his daily work. We also keep a duplicate report of the monthly marks so that we can tell each month what progress each boy is making."

A few of Mr. Norris's boys have finished high school and have gone on to the University of Wisconsin. All of their expenses are paid while they are in school, and Mr. Norris's big object is to keep them in school as long as possible. Parents of the boys are often anxious to have them come home and go to work as soon as they are old enough. "We use every possible means to prevent their being taken out of school," said Mr. Coggeshall.

"Do you have any trouble keeping the boys here?" Mr. Coggeshall was asked. "Don't they try to run away and get back to the city?"

"So far we have had but little trouble,' was the answer. "We frequently meet with the reverse proposition. Some of the boys who are taken back by their parents stay until they have a chance to slip away, and then they come back here. As soon as the boys get acquainted, they seem perfectly satisfied. Sometimes, however, they come out with the idea that they are being taken to some kind of a penal institution. We try to rid them of that idea as soon as possible by maintaining none of the characteristics of a reformatory. There is no uniform dress, and the boys are not watched at any time. They are freer here than they are in the city."

Mr. Schroeder also told how the central dining hall idea had been done away with. The three homes each have their separate cooking and serving facilities. "We want less of the institution atmosphere and more of the home," he said.

When good fellows get together

There is no cut-and-dried set of rules by which the boys are governed, and only occasionally is there any serious breach of the unwritten Farm regulations. "The boys must not leave the Farm without permission," said Mr. Schroeder, "simply because we don't want them running around the neighborhood, trespassing or possibly getting into some mischief. Once in a while one of them does slip away to Big Bend or Mukwonago [two near-by towns] and usually he gets caught. Then he's just out o' luck."

Mr. Coggeshall tells about two Italian boys, twins, who have been on the farm for several years. Before coming under Mr. Norris's care, they had caused their parents and the Milwaukee juvenile court considerable consternation by repeated and successful attempts to run away from home. The Milwaukee papers published their pictures and several articles, referring to the two as "run-away twins." Since their arrival at the Norris farm, they have given no trouble. "One day I ran across one of them," said Mr. Coggeshall, "and I said, "Well, Billy, when are you and your brother going to run away again?" Billy grinned and answered, "When the pigs get green wings!"

That the boys are willing to stay, and anxious to come back after having been away is considered by Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Coggeshall as the most convincing indication of the success of their efforts to give the boys a home.

Two years ago a gymnasium was built on the farm to allow for teaching the boys indoor games during the winter months. The building is fifty feet wide by seventy feet long, has a splendid hard wood floor, numerous spectators' benches, and, in the basement, a dressing room and heating plant. Here the boys, under Mr. Schroeder's leadership, are taught basketball, baseball, volleyball, and other indoor sports. "A year ago last December," said Mr. Schroeder, "there wasn't a boy here who had ever seen a basketball game or even a basketball. This year we had a team that played twenty-seven games; nineteen of them were wins, seven were lost, and one was a tie." The games were played with the high school teams of near-by towns. So successful was the team representing the Norris Farm that Mr. Schroeder was moved to reward the members in some way. Consequently, on the evening of April tenth, he took them all to Milwaukee, bought them a dinner, took them to see a thrilling production at one of the theaters, and returned with them to the Farm late at night. It was a rare treat for lads who had never gone to a legitimate stage production.

Out Hoeing

Occasionally even greater treats are offered. Mr. Norris and his mother take a several weeks' trip through the south each winter. Last year the party went to Central America, and just recently it returned from a trip to Panama and South American points. Two of the Farm boys were taken on each of these delightful tours.

Every Friday evening during the warmer months moving pictures are shown in the Norris school house. The entire countryside is welcome to attend these and other entertainments at the Farm.

Since the Farm was purchased by Mr. Norris six years ago, there have been two destructive fires. The first fire destroyed one of the large barns which was on the place at time of purchase. About two years after, just as a new barn was completed, a fire broke out in the house, spread to the new barn, and completely demolished both buildings. Reconstruction began immediately, and at the same time Mr. Norris made plans for adequate fire-fighting equipment.

An immense steel tank with a capacity of 19,000 gallons is housed in a structure especially built for the purpose. A short distance from this is a well, equipped with an automatic electrically-driven pump which forces fifty-five gallons of water a minute into the air-tight tank. As the water level rises in the tank, a cushion of air is formed, and when the air pressure reaches a certain point, it automatically shuts off the pump. This system supplies the houses

*(Continued on page 40)*

Courtesy Steve Foge, Richland Center

# The Curio Line

## The Story of the Pine River Valley and Stevens Point R. R. A Dream That Only Partially Materialized

*By Mary James Stark*

Engineer Brady

IT WAS quite a railroad.

That is, it was meant to have been quite a railroad. It never panned out quite the way that its owners intended it should, it never made Richland Center the industrial center of the Northwest, it never furnished a direct route from southern Wisconsin to Stevens Point, and it never brought fabulous wealth to its owners, but nevertheless it was a railroad and quite a railroad at that.

For many years it had been a dream. In fact many persons believed that it would always continue as a dream.

"Way back in '64 when we first heard that the war was over folks used to say how nice it would be if the boys could come home on a train," declared an eye witness.

Nevertheless in the early seventies a company was organized whose purpose was "to promote the development of the Pine River Valley and Stevens Point Railroad". It was composed of Richland Center's most enterprising and patriotic citizens. It was headed by George Krouskop. The contract for the construction of the new road was let to David and Norman James who were "to hold and operate the same until paid for" and because the original company never could pay for it they continued to hold and operate it.

### Oxen Help Transport Engine

Early in 1876, the Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad was almost ready to embark for its "maiden voyage" on the newly completed first lap, from Richland Center to Lone Rock, a distance of about sixteen miles.

Although Lone Rock already had rail connections with the outside world and although time, energy, and money could have been saved had that "maiden voyage" been permitted to extend from Lone Rock to Richland Center rather than Richland Center to Lone Rock, the promoters conscientiously believed that as a matter of respect to their city, the city which was to benefit so greatly from this "inspired project", her citizens should be privileged first to call "bon voyage".

So it was that beasts of burden were solicited for the purpose of conveying the rolling stock from that city which should have been at the beginning but was really at the end of the new line to the one which should have been the end but was really the beginning.

Oxen, mules, and horses were contributed by all who owned such, each man believing that his prestige would be greatly increased when his ox, mule, or horse could be given credit for at one time having hauled the train. All were hitched together regardless of the comparative speed of each, the engine was loaded on an improvised wagon and the task begun.

The down grade on hills constituted an almost insurmountable difficulty. More than once the increasing momentum of the engine-loaded wagon seriously threatened the hoofs of the less swift of its conveyors. This was finally overcome by taking a long rope behind and snubbing it to the trees along the wayside.

"As long as those trees stood that trail was blazed with the marks made by that rope," stated one of the owners of a mule.

### Many Watch First Departure

In the summer of 1876, the day which was to mark the beginning of the new era arrived. The Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad embarked on its "maiden voyage".

It was piloted by John Brady, who is still the engineer on the line running between those two localities. The bell was rung by D. O. Chandler and it was that bell which caused the engine to most resemble any part of an engine today.

It was watched by the people from the

nearby communities. They couldn't help run it and they couldn't all ride in it but they could watch it and watch it they did. The village president, A. C. Parfrey, dressed in white for the occasion remained a dutiful guard at the tracks all day lest he should miss something.

The stockholders of the company were present for the big event and looked on with an air of pride as fittingly becomes such distinguished gentlemen. The James brothers, David and Norman, numbered among the onlookers although their gaze contained more of a nervous than expectant glance.

At the designated hour the bell began to ring. It was rung violently for several minutes. The onlookers gasped, gulped, and opened their eyes. The train did not move. Instead, however, the owners, unwilling to let go this chance to impress upon others their significance, arose one by one and told at great length of all the benefits Richland Center would reap in the near future, every word of which could have been recited backwards and in perfect order by every listener. Then because Richland Center didn't use champagne and because a milk bottle lacked the necessary elegance, the people were simply told that the new line was to be called "The Pine River Valley and Stevens Point Railroad."

The bell rang again. The whistle blew. A gurring sound became evident and the train was seen to move. A shout arose from the crowd and assumed such volume that neither bell, nor whistle, nor gurr could be heard. The shout did not decrease until the train was entirely out of sight.

The return trip was witnessed by only a few because no one knew exactly how long a round trip would take and not many were patient enough to wait to find out.

### The Line Was Not Successful

The Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad was a curio.

It remained a curio but unlike most curios did not become a financial success. The first lap was not self supporting and so although the name remained "The Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad", the "& Stevens Point" idea had to be dropped until some future generation, which has not yet arrived, can carry out the vision of its forefathers.

"We couldn't help but make money on it today," declared Engineer Brady. "It would attract tourists."

"It was a narrow gauge, that is, it was only a little over half as wide as an ordinary train. Trains like that today are scarce. The only one any where around here that I know of is one running from Woodman to Fennimore, connecting the St. Paul and the Northwestern roads. That one isn't to be compared to our old line, at least as far as looks are concerned and yet it usually attracts enough sightseers."

The Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad was not only a narrow gauge but had just ten wheels and ran on wooden rails. The rails were four by fours cut from hard maple. When it rained, if it rained hard enough or long enough, the rails warped. When the rails warped the train could not run on them and so it stopped. That is, it stopped until the engineer with his crew and a handful of volunteers from among the passengers could locate a suitable maple from along the right of way and make another rail to replace the one which had warped.

"To lay the rail was no job," said Mr. Brady. "You see the ties we used were set up on end instead of flat the way they are today. In the tops of these ties were slots. The rails just fitted into these slots and so we never had to nail them down at all. The rails were spliced at the ends and fastened together by two bolts. They could then just slide into the slot."

### Wood Was the Source of Power

The Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad did not receive its power from coal. Every six miles neatly piled at the side of the track was a pile of wood. Every six miles the train stopped and the engine was "fired up". Occasionally some practical joker or someone of questionable honesty would do away with the wood supply, when it would again become necessary for the train to stop while the engineer, his crew, and his few volunteers would shoulder their axes, and set out much as King Arthur's knights must have set out, not to destroy a castle and deliver the captive maiden to her lover, but to vanquish a forest and to deliver the belated passengers to Richland Center.

Warped rails and vanished wood piles were not the only things that delayed the Pine River Valley & Stevens Point line. Snow was a worse enemy than either of the others. It was the most frequent cause of a halt and in such cases it was not a handful of volunteers but every available man on the train that shouldered a shovel and set forth on his mission of delivery.

"They used to hate to see me come through the door in winter time", went on Mr. Brady. "They always knew it meant work for them. Sometimes it used to take us several hours of hard work to shovel ourselves out of a drift and then frequently we would find ourselves right in another. I don't doubt but that every man living today who ever rode on the old train has had his experiences in that line."

The Pine River Valley and Stevens Point Railroad owned as rolling stock one engine and one combination car, the front end of which carried baggage and the rear end passengers. It made two round trips between Lone Rock and Richland Center on every day except Sunday. On that day the train and the crew recuperated from the trials of the preceding week and summoned strength to face those that they would surely encounter in the week to follow.

"Today we make three round trips on week days and one on Sunday with just the passenger trains," stated Mr. Brady. "We average more than fifty cars a day."

"Ten miles an hour was record speed with the old engine. We reach several times that now."

It has been said that the original promoters of a new railroad never make any money. That may not even generally be the case but it certainly was with the patriotic and enterprising citizens of Richland Center who backed the old road.

The approximate cost of the railroad was $55,000. It operated just ten weeks. The James brothers realized the company could never pay for it and knowing that it could never be made to pay for itself, sold it for $50,000 to Alex Mitchell, S. S. Merrill and John Lawler, all of Richland County.

In 1880 the new owners realized it would never make them wealthy and so once again the Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad changed hands. This time it was purchased by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad and became a branch of the Prairie du Chien division.

In one day the old road was wiped out. In one day the narrow gauge became regulation width. In one day the old wooden rails were supplanted by modern steel rails. At the close of day rails were laid from the last bit of wooden track up a gangway onto a flat car and with bell ringing the little ten-wheel narrow gauge engine puffed up the track to its assigned place, stopped puffing, and was hauled away in a much different manner than that in which it had been hauled there.

"That all happened on a Sunday, too," sighed Engineer Brady, the first and last engineer on the Pine River Valley & Stevens Point Railroad.

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The darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.—Horace Greeley.

# Editorials

## THE POLITICAL POT IS BOILING

The bi-annual political turmoil in Wisconsin is at hand. It is one of the regrettable, but none the less necessary, incidents of a democracy that at frequent intervals changes in political offices create a condition of unsettlement and disturbance.

The greatest gain to our state and nation in this periodic hubbub comes from the focussing of public attention on governmental affairs. The old adage "Everybody's business is nobody's business" does not hold true in a democracy, for government is everybody's business, and it is a success in direct proportion as everybody makes it his business, and the opposite is also true, that it fails in just the proportion that the people fail to keep themselves informed on what is going on in their government.

The greatest enemy to success in government is apathy—indifference. The next in order are prejudice and misinformation. If apathy is overcome, prejudice and misinformation become less dangerous. The citizen who will take the time to inform himself, and who will be honest in confessing his prejudices, can be depended on to use his political rights with fairness to himself as well as all others concerned in the tremendous business of government.

Dishonesty in government, and administration by men who rule by prejudice and passion rather than by intelligence and fairness can be traced directly to the man or woman who so far forgets the duty of a citizen as to stay away from the polls, or who, going to the polls, votes prejudice, envy, class or religious hatred, or who votes without being fully informed.

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## THIS IS OUR BIRTHDAY NUMBER

This edition marks the beginning of a new year for THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE. In spite of doubts and pessimism on the part of some of our best friends as to the practicability of a magazine such as we have planned and published for a year, we have succeeded in issuing a periodical that has met with general favor. Renewals are coming in rapidly, measuring up in numbers to our entire satisfaction and more. With these renewals come letters expressing satisfaction with the twelve numbers issued and with wishes for another and even more successful year.

Publishing a periodical of any kind is a peculiar occupation. It is difficult to gauge the public demand. To give complete satisfaction to everyone is impossible. The best anyone can hope for is to gain and retain the good will and the enthusiastic endorsement of the majority of the readers.

From the beginning we have refused to cater to the popular demand for light fiction or for sensational articles. Our ideal has been the constructive presentation of facts about Wisconsin from every angle, thrown into articles so written as to make interesting reading while imparting useful information.

If we have helped to stimulate interest in our state, to awaken an unselfish, wholesome regard for Wisconsin, to demonstrate the opportunities that are here not only for the present generation but for generations to come, our mission is fulfilled.

We have advanced on the principle that a true affection for Wisconsin will be the result of pointing out the substantial background on which our state is built, the devoted, self-sacrificing efforts of our pioneers in building up a state to which we can truly point with pride, the failures as well as the successes that have followed in the wake of the pioneer.

Again, if our pulses are to beat with a more generous pride in our state, we must become acquainted with the wonderful out-door life of Wisconsin, both for nature-lovers and sportsmen, and this phase of state consciousness has been stressed in our articles.

More and more we shall turn to articles that will demonstrate constructively the economic advantages of Wisconsin in manufacturing, in agriculture, and as a state where rich and poor alike may live and prosper side by side, where the people may live in harmonious neighborliness, without class distinction, all recognizing that they are integral parts of a social system where there must be a natural give and take if the machinery is to run smoothly.

Give us your co-operation during the coming year. Tell your neighbors about the magazine and its mission. Send in your suggestions. Think *Wisconsin*, talk *Wisconsin*, boost *Wisconsin*, and *Wisonsin* will hold her own in the foremost rank of these United States.

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## INDIAN PAGEANT AT BAYFIELD IN AUGUST

While you are planning that automobile trip in August, do not forget to include the Indian Pageant at Bayfield. This remarkable outdoor performance will take place during the entire month of August, and arrangements to take care of the immense attendance that will naturally be attracted to this wonderful show are in progress. Thirty thousand people can be comfortably accommodated on the slopes of the natural arena of the amphitheatre. The pageant is repeated every three days, and the actors consist of about two thousand Indians and white men, the name of the pageant being "Ke-wa-de-no-kwa," or "Girl of the North." The name is borrowed from the sister of Chief White Crane, Ojibwa, who married the first white settler of the Apostle Islands, Michel Cadotte, and whose descendants are today a numerous colony near Indian Pageant Park.

This is an opportunity to see one of the most beautiful places in Wisconsin, and to catch a glimpse of the historic French and early Indian historical background against which Wisconsin has grown into the state which we are now proud to own as our home.

Remember—"The Last Great West"—Apostle Islands—August.

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## DANE COUNTY SLOWLY EMERGING

Optimistic signs of a change of heart are noticeable in recent agitation for a program of good roads in Dane County. However, we have got to be shown. It will take at least another season of good weather to make us forget that memorable trip in April through the ditch that is called the road between Marshall and Sun Prairie. If there is any one thing that has helped Wisconsin, we are convinced that it is her splendid network of good roads that have sprung up here during the last fifteen years, thanks to the splendid work of our highway commission under the able leadership of its Chief Highway Engineer, A. R. Hirst.

We regret that Dane County should have been so slow in getting into line with the rest of the state, but—here's hoping!

Sketching from Living Model—Layton School of Art, Milwaukee

# Wisconsin's Art School

*By Miriam Frink*

"NOW this," a red-haired little art student of seven years was explaining intently to his teacher, "is my picture of the inside of the circus. Around here are the seats. These circles with dots are the seats that aren't reserved—the people are in them. These circles that are empty—they are the reserved seats, and so the people who have them can all be late. That's why there aren't any dots in them."

Another small painter, a little girl this time, remarked, "I like to paint sky pictures here because teacher doesn't make me bring the sky down to the ground. In school [that is in the public school] teacher makes me paint it clear down to the grass, and I know that's wrong, because there's lots of air between the sky and the grass."

These two remarks were overheard in the free classes of the Layton School of Art, Milwaukee. They are representative of the spirit of this school, where every student, from the five-year-old artist in the free Saturday class to the grayhaired club-woman in the Day School, is conscious that he can become an artist only by seeing things for himself, and by insisting that true artistic value lies in that, and that only, which is truly his own and which he can express with sincerity. Imitation and copying are strongly discouraged in every phase of the work. Direct observation of nature and life, it is pointed out again and again, are of the greatest importance. "Notice how the dust blows on the next windy day. Watch the way the trees bend in the wind. On the next moonlight night notice the lights and darks of the buildings and the trees." Suggestions like these are nearly always on the lips of Miss Partridge, the director of the School, as she talks to the classes. Copying some one else's picture or statue sets a premium on another person's idea and makes the student feel that execution is the whole thing. Imitation may produce splendid technicians and draughtsmen, but it alone never produced a creative artist.

Charcoal Composition by Philip Matejovic, Layton School of Art, Milwaukee

And that is the purpose of the Layton School—to make out of its students so far as is possible real creative artists—not Rembrandts and Michael Angelos, because great geniuses occur independently of any school or teacher,—but men and women who have the courage and skill to express their own ideas beautifully. "Ah ha," some one is sure to say at this point, "another one of these schools turning out useless painters and sculptors, unable to earn an honest penny, hanging around places called studios, living off their hardworking, practical friends, and producing nothing except a picture or a statue which nobody wants." As a matter of fact, that view of the artist is very old-fashioned. The modern artist feels the same necessity to earn his living that any other self-respecting person does and he earns his living by his art—at least he does if he receives his art education at the Layton School.

The Layton School of Art, Milwaukee was incorporated in 1920 as a non-profit-making institution for the promotion of art education. Believing that there is a great need for designers and craftsmen who will carry a genuine knowledge of art into the commercial and industrial life of this country, the director and organizer of the school, Charlotte R. Partridge, has from the first sought to train young men and women to earn their living in some practical field of art work rather than to starve as poorly equipped painters and sculptors.

Until July, 1923, there were two art schools in the state of Wisconsin, the State School of Fine and Applied Art, which was a part of the Milwaukee Normal School, and the Layton School of Art. Legislative action in 1923 abolished the State School, leaving the Layton the only art school in the State. In the fall of 1923, the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs testified in a very substantial way to its approval of the Layton School and to its realization that the School is an asset to the state. It gave four full scholarships to be awarded to Wisconsin

Pen and Ink Illustration by Helen I. Hoppin, Layton School of Art, Milwaukee

Pen and Ink Illustration by Helen I. Hoppin, Layton School of Art, Milwaukee

A Dutch boy as sketched by an Art Student—Georgia Bradley

boys and girls to enable them to study art at the Layton School. From the first the School itself has maintained some scholarships, others have been given by philanthropic friends, and this generous action of the Wisconsin Clubwomen makes it possible for still more ambitious young people to receive help in getting their art education. It is only through scholarships which can be awarded to needy and worthy students that a school which is dependent entirely upon its income from tuition fees, as is the Layton, can be kept democratic. It might be said here, that this school has from the first been a non-profit-making institution. No one has profited financially from it.

Not the least of the advantages enjoyed by the students of the Layton School is the fact that it is housed in the Layton Art Gallery. This beautiful building, together with the fine collection of pictures which are to be found in it was the gift to the city of Milwaukee of the late Frederick Layton, a philanthropist of great wisdom and generosity. The Gallery is open at all times to students.

On June 13, 1924, the Layton School will conclude its fourth year with an approximate enrollment of 750 since July 1, 1923. Its summer school is to be held from June 30 to August 8. The class in Outdoor Painting will be under the instruction of Knute Heldner, who recently held an extremely fine exhibition of his work at the Milwaukee Art Institute. Classes in Posters, Composition, and Still Life Painting will be under Miss Partridge; a Teachers Course will be given by Miss Marie Claussenius of the Francis W. Parker School, Chicago. John David Brcin will teach the Sculpture and there will also be classes in drawing from Life. Last summer students from eight different states attended the Layton School.

The regular day courses offered at the Layton School include Advertising Design, Normal Art, Interior Decoration, Costume design, Illustration, Painting, and Sculpture. Evening classes are held in drawing from Life, Commercial Art, Design, and Modeling.

The Layton School also offers to the school children and high school students of Milwaukee the opportunity to study in its free Saturday morning classes. These classes are taught by the advanced Normal students of the Day School, under the supervision of Miss Partridge. There is always a waiting list for these classes as a surprising number of boys and girls are eager to supplement the art work which they get in the public schools with this additional study on Saturday. There is an average attendance of 150, the ages ranging from five to seventeen. Very frequently the younger boy and girl shows a boldness and originality which the older art student, grown self-conscious, has lost.

Miss Charlotte Partridge, the founder and director of the Layton School and Curator of the Layton Art Gallery, believes firmly in a great Wisconsin art movement. "The rich natural beauties of our state," she has said, "are sure to kindle the love of beauty in many of our boys and girls. There is much inspiration in this state for artistic expression. Our boys and girls do not need to go to the East or Europe for this inspiration. Nature provides a great store of wealth for them here, but if they are to be kept here to produce an art expression peculiar to the great middle west, human friendliness and sympathy toward their aims must not be lacking. Let us give our embryo artists the encouragement they need to make them express the beauty which they see and feel about them."

Fifteen teachers, eight men and seven women, constitute the faculty of the Layton School. Among these are such nationally known artists as Gerrit V. Sinclair, John David Brcin, Irving Manoir, and Knute Heldner, Psychology is required of all regular students and has been taught this past year by Sadie Myers Shellow, Ph.D. In requiring Psychology and a course in Appre-

ciation of Literature, the Layton School is unique. The Literature course, which all the regular students take, is designed to increase the students' enjoyment of modern poetry and prose and make him realize some fundamental truths of art expression, whether the medium be paint, marble, words, or music. Literature, in other words, is taught as a fine art, in this course, and not from the point of view of rhetoric or history. Only an hour a week is assigned to the Psychology and Literature each, but these two courses are responsible for an intelligent understanding of current thought and a breadth of interest rather unusual in the average art student. By far the greater part of the young artists' time in the Layton School is spent on design, pictorial composition and illustration, lettering, and painting, and drawing from life and still life. In general the curriculum of the school emphasizes creation rather than technique, ideas rather than finish. The older academic plan of art education emphasized technique and trained it largely through imitation, leaving the student possessed of skill but groping for ideas. In this new plan creative thinking and feeling are largely developed in the practice of design—that is through art expression which is purely creative and original. The old insistence on drawing from plaster cast was seen to have a deadening effect as it is a mere copying of the interpretation of others. People are quick to see that copying pictures kills originality but the idea that the student must put in a wearisome apprenticeship at cast drawing dies harder. The Layton School sees that favorite fallacy of the pedagogue that to be thorough one must be dull—sees it for the fallacy it is. In its plan the student begins with drawing from life. All mere copying of nature or of the expression of others is discouraged because activity of this kind does not exercise imagination, thought, or feeling, and is therefore undesirable.

Every June an exhibition of students' work done during the preceding school year is opened to the public. It is held in the school studios in the Layton Art Gallery. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded of seeing exactly the sort of work carried out. Gay still life studies, compositions in water color, oil, and charcoal, life drawings, illustrations, posters, batiks, and woven scarfs, cover the walls and make the place bright with colors. Public attendance is always large at these school exhibitions.

As a large number of the students at the Layton School are dependent either wholly or in part upon their own earnings while attending school, the question of ways and means of self help is an important one. Many of the boys work in restaurants and hotels outside of school hours, some weigh freight from five in the afternoon till midnight, others do janitor work. The problem is more difficult for girls who must earn while they study. A few do housework, others have worked as ushers in theaters, and still others have done part time clerical work. Frequently orders for various kinds of art work come into the school and are given out to the students best fitted to carry them out. In this way advanced students earn considerable money by making posters, bookplates, signs, and place cards, and by giving private lessons. Last year a group of ten advanced students designed and executed a set of Egyptian decorations for a ball at the Milwaukee Athletic Club. This was not only a very practical and helpful exercise, but paid the various students well.

**Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Home of Layton School of Art**

In general it may be said that no student has more ingenuity or more resourcefulness than the art student.

This is shown in their parties and "stunts" when they can concoct a stage out of a few miscellaneous curtains and a couple of tables, or construct shadow puppet shows out of a few pieces of card board and string, and an old sheet. A spirit of good fellowship exists that is one of the finest things in the world for these happy, healthy, young men and women who are Wisconsin's art students and from some of whom great things may be expected.

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## SPRING DREAMS

Some day I shall close up this dingy old house—
Put my typewriter gladly away,
And I'll take a white road and go—ever so far!—
And just be a tramp for a day.

Away, where each tree, and each plant, and each vine,
Has a message of beauty and health;
Where one can look down in a shining brown brook,
And gather the skies' mirrored wealth.

Away, where the love-song of each little bird
Seems a glad harp that plays everywhere;
Where the flash of the bluebird's and cardinal's wings—
Seem blooms God has put in the air.

And I want to stay there, where the little hills are,
And watch them grow dark, when the sun
Rides over the West in her saffron-hued boat—
When with singing the birds are all done.

And I want to stay there till the last daylight fades,
When the twilight is just growing gray;
Then home, through a lane where the apple-blooms shine—
O . . . I want to go wand'ring some day!

FLOSSIE FAITH SHEAD.

# Conserve Wisconsin's Native Plants

*By Alvin M. Peterson*
*Onalaska, Wisconsin*

WHEN the early French explorers first set foot on the territory now a part of the State of Wisconsin, they found a new region, rich in natural fertility, virgin forests, wild birds, animals, and wild flowers. Considerable of this has since then either been used or squandered by the people of the state. The forests have been slashed and burned, birds and animals have been killed, and wild flowers have been picked in great numbers. As a consequence, reforestation is needed to insure enough timber for our immediate future needs. The passenger pigeon has been entirely exterminated, and many birds in addition to the pigeon have been greatly reduced in numbers and may follow the exterminated species.

Not only that, but *unless some of our wild flowers are protected, and at that protected from those who profess to like them most, some of them may in the near future be exterminated.* The lovely and fragrant arbutus has been picked and uprooted until it has entirely disappeared in some regions where it once grew in abundance. The bottle or closed gentian, the columbine, pasque flower, and our orchids have also suffered and are nearly, if not entirely, wiped out in some regions because of persistent and ruthless picking, while a host of other beauties have been greatly reduced in numbers.

### Everybody Loves Flowers

Our wild flowers are chiefly of value to us because of the educational and recreational opportunities they offer. Many people devote much, if not all, of their spare time to studying and enjoying them, while few people, I suspect, devote no time to these pursuits. However, many people see the beauties of our wild flowers only to destroy them, for they pick and uproot countless numbers of them. The flowers picked by these unnatural nature lovers soon wilt and are then thrown away while weeds take their places along our roads, in our national parks, and in our forests. Furthermore, flowers have a distinct value aside from their aesthetic, educational, and recreational values. They help maintain the balance of nature. Certain forms of animal life are dependent upon them. Hence, destroy the flowers and these animal forms perish or move farther into the wilderness. Insect pests and noxious weeds take their places.

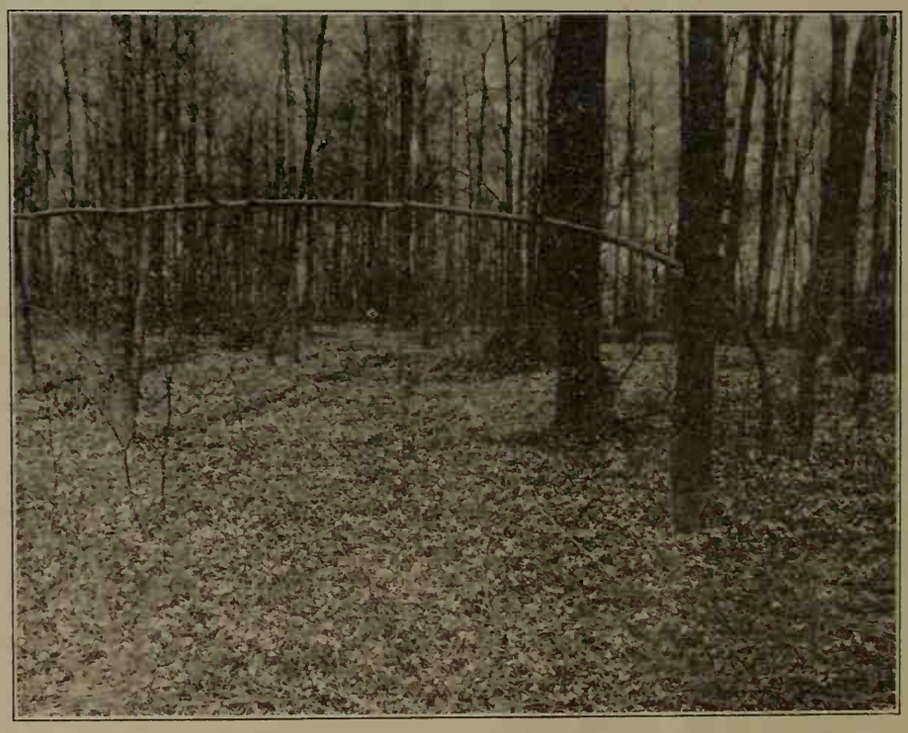
### Don't Be a Nature-hog!

The automobile, while it gives thousands of people a chance to enjoy the beauties of nature who otherwise would not be able to do so, has been a mighty factor in the destruction of our plant and animal life. Our wild game is being killed off much faster than formerly because men are able to visit a number of different hunting grounds in a single day, or in but a few days, where they formerly could visit but one. They ride to one natural game refuge, shoot all the game easily procurable, ride on to a second, there doing the same, and then go on to a third. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Garden, conservatively estimates that the automobile has increased the perils of our wild life by fifty per cent. I think that it is safe to estimate that the perils of our native plants have been increased to a like extent. The roadsides are stripped of flowers, ferns, and evergreens, natural parks depleted of plants, and our forests are suffering the loss of countless wild flowers. People by the thousands flock to the country on every Sunday or other holiday, picking, trampling on, and destroying the flowers. The flowers as a consequence are becoming rarer along our streams, about our ponds and lakes, and along our highways. A person interested in the conservation of wild flowers and ornamental plants passes by and enjoys a rare flower, fern, or evergreen, only to see it torn up a few minutes later by some less thoughtful person.

### Another Reason for Fire Protection

Forest and other fires take a heavy toll each year. A fire not only destroys the trees and flowers but the dead leaves, humus, and soil bacteria of the forest floor. Consequently, many plants cannot live there again until the former conditions have been restored. The seeds of these plants, if any survive the fire, germinate only to die again because of a lack of some of the elements necessary to their growth. Weeds of many kinds quickly take their places. The fireweed especially is to be found in such burned-over areas. Some people buy country places only to begin systematically burning and destroying the natural beauties of the place. Carelessness causes other disastrous fires.

Our wild flowers differ a great deal in natural hardiness, beauty, and manner of reproduction. Many of our most beautiful flowers are frail and reproduce only by means of seeds. These are often the ones most eagerly hunted by nature lovers and consequently the ones in the greatest danger of extermination. They are the ones most needing our protection. Others, although they reproduce both by means of seeds and rootstocks or by seeds and cormels, are picked so persistently that they also are in grave danger. In addition to the plants mentioned in the first paragraph, the lovely



**The Spring Beauty Grows So Abundantly That It Survives Considerable Picking**

Dutchman's breeches, pond lily, water lily, blue flag, bluebell, hepatica, adder's tongue, Jack-in-the-pulpit, bloodroot, rue anemone, painted cup, trilliums, wild phlox, and shad-blow are some of the plants that need our protection.

The wood anemone and the Solomon's seal are good examples of flowers quite easily exterminated but which are in a measure protected because they do not appeal strongly to many people. The false Solomon's seal, mitrewort, oakesia, bellwort, nodding trillium, and wild cranesbill are some others. The wood anemone, for example, has but a single flower but has three good-sized leaves. Pickers secure three leaves for each flower and as a consequence are likely to take the rue anemone in preference to it. The Solomon's seal has its small flowers banding in clusters at intervals from the stem where they are more or less hidden by the leaves. The cranesbill requires the picking of many leaves for a single flower, while the flower of the nodding trillium is tucked under the leaves where it is hidden from view. The oakesia and bellwort have flowers matching the leaves somewhat in color and hence are not conspicuous. Some flowers, as, for example, the pond and water lilies, blue flag, and marsh marigold, are in a measure protected in that they grow in wet places. In spite of these handicaps, the preceding flowers should be picked sparingly or not at all.

**Don't Patronize Wild Flower Venders**

Wild flowers are sometimes sold on trains and about our city streets. This is a pernicious practice that is aiding in exterminating some of our rarest native plants. Those interested in their preservation should never buy flowers from venders and if possible should discourage others from doing so. The trailing arbutus is no doubt the classic example of a Wisconsin flower that has suffered in this way. Nurserymen, too, sometimes sell the roots and plants of wild flowers for transplanting in the home gardens. This is resulting in some harm to the flowers that it is hard or impossible to transplant. Some flowers, as, for example, the arbutus and most orchids, can grow only where the soil conditions are just right and almost always die when transplanted. On the other hand, the transplanting of some flowers is a help to the conservation movement. All flowers that bear transplanting may be taken. In the home wild flower garden they will be protected from ruthless picking and encouraged in their growth and reproduction. It can not be overemphasized, however, that great care should be used in selecting wild flowers for transplanting purposes. *Choose only those that you are sure you can make live.*

There are in Wisconsin a large number of native plants that may be safely picked and safely transplanted without much danger of exterminating them. Some of them are the ox-eye daisy, many asters, some goldenrods, buttercups, vervain, wild bergamot, wild rose, wild morning-glory, cinquefoil, yarrow, bouncing Bet, tall blazing star, lupine, vetch, May apple, chicory, evening primrose, everlasting, black-eyed Susan, wild sunflower, fireweed, boneset, bush and other clovers, dandelion, healall, milkweed, wild mints, and some others. Some of the preceding plants are so numerous and persistent in their growth that they are considered weeds and hence their picking is a help to our agricultural interests. Examples of pretty flowers which may be classed as weeds are the ox-eye daisy, vervain, cinquefoil, bouncing Bet, chicory, dandelion, evening primrose, and the fireweed.

Thorn trees are hardy and in many places so numerous that twigs may be safely cut from them in preference to many of our wild flowers and the flowers of the shad-blow and fragrant crab. The shad-blow because of its beauty and usefulness should by all means be protected. Its fruit is much liked by the birds and the trees should be spared for this purpose. The fragrant crab is not only one of our prettiest flowering trees but one of the most fragrant as well. Its perfume rivals that of the arbutus.

Help Save the Adder's Tongue

**Some Rules to Observe**

A few points should be kept in mind when picking flowers and trying to aid the wild flower conservation movement. They are:

(1) Do not pick the rarer flowers. Leave them just where you find them; enjoy their beauty while you are there, and carry a mental picture of them with you. You can return to the spot again and again if you wish to enjoy their beauty and thus in the end secure more enjoyment than you would if you picked them.

(2) Do not tear flowers up by the roots, trample them down, or break their stems.

(3) Cut the flowers you gather from the plant with a sharp knife.

(4) Do not gather flowers near highways and in natural parks. Take those to be found farther from the roads and in the more out-of-the-way places. Few people pick flowers in such places and there will be plenty left to go to seed.

(5) Take but a single flower or a few flowers from each plant. Pick them sparingly as you would gather flowers from your cultivated plants when you want a bouquet.

(6) Put out camp fires and do not throw lighted matches, cigar and cigarette stubs in places where they are likely to start disastrous fires. Burn or bury your paper and garbage.

(7) Do not patronize wild flower venders.

**Carry a Camera**

An excellent plan for securing a maximum amount of pleasure from our wild flowers is to study them, enjoy their beauty and fragrance in their native haunts, and secure pictures of them with a camera. Pictures of the hepatica, adder's tongue, bloodroot, Jack-in the-pulpit, Dutchman's breeches, and arbutus may be enjoyed the year around. A four by five camera with a bellows ten or twelve inches long is ideal for the work. Tramp through the woods, enjoying your favorite flowers, take a picture now and then of the prettiest ones, and you will have something to look at long after the flowers have faded and gone to seed. Each time you open your photograph album their pretty faces will greet you and make you glad you photographed them rather than picked them.

Posters distributed by the American Wild Flower Preservation Society are now to be found along our highways. "Spare The Flowers" is the title of one of these. "Thoughtless people", it continues, "are destroying our native Wild Flowers by pulling them up by the roots or by picking too many of them. Weeds will replace them if there are not plenty left to go to seed. Will you help to save them?"

# The Legend of Green Lake

*By Lois V. Barry*

THE glow of the sunset over old "Sugar Loaf" grew more and more faint as the heavens became a deeper shade and the first few stars of evening peeped through. The lake, at first so joyful in its ever changing colors, was becoming subdued. It was taking on the deep purple of quiescent age. How comparable to a life — played through in one short hour!

High on a cliff, facing from across the lake Sugar Loaf and the fast fading sunset, stood a group of men. The last rays of light made their faces appear as old, old copper, burnished in a few places where the higher lights struck them.

As the glassy lake, fifty feet below, deepened with the reflection of the stars, the men began to move and talk together. One left the group, only to return an instant later leading a young girl. To punish her further for her all-encompassing and unsuspecting love for an unprincipled mortal, fate held this one last trick—death on the sharp stones in the shallow water beneath.

It had all happened so quickly. He, the Norwegian trader, had come but a few months before. He was tall, blonde, and handsome. The maid had admired him for days, following him around, always keeping near but not too near; scurrying into dark corners at his slightest glance her way.

One day, however, there seemed to be no dark corners—she was caught at last. Perhaps, the big Norwegian took her walking beneath the sunny blue skies; perhaps, too, beneath the magical moon. The story here is missing. But before long the little Indian maid was the willing and loving slave of the big trader.

Their love seemed all the more wonderful for being known to them alone. It was so different. The Indian boys at camp were fine, but somehow not to be compared with her big sweetheart. She loved him. Was it because he had singled her out as no one before ever had? Who knows? But she loved him —and when an Indian loves, he loves for all time.

There came a time when the little Indian maid needed the big Norwegian. They were walking beneath the trees beside the still water in the little bay adjacent to the bluff. It was here she told him her simple, age-old story.

As he held her in his arms, he promised to take her away with him as soon as he could. The little Indian maid was happy.

Immediately, however, his attitude changed. He was cold—aloof. But she bore this change and planned for her future with him. Her faith was unbroken.

One day he came and confided that he must leave the camp alone but that he would return for her as soon as possible. Then, avoiding her eyes, he kissed her and left.

Long did she stand on the high cliff waving to her lover as he paddled away through the smiling waters beneath. Suddenly clouds arose; the waters became hysterical, laughing, frowning, roaring, seething and foaming all at a time. Rain burst forth.

Drenched to the skin, the little Indian maid stood her watch, her eyes following the little black speck in the distance. As the lake roughened she could see it only at intervals, but it always reappeared.

Once, however, there appeared two specks, one of which disappeared instantly, and the other of which drifted about as the waves tossed it.

Alas! It was over for her. Her hope was gone—but she kept the priceless gift of faith. She would never know of the more terrible fate that had awaited her —knowledge that she was betrayed and deserted.

The rest of the story is short. Her secret was found out. She had committed the unpardonable sin of loving a white man, and the penalty was, according to the custom of her tribe, death.

Darkness finally settled down over the lake, and with it came a great quietness broken only by the murmurings from the little group on the cliff. Soon this too ceased.

A few moments later there sounded a dull thud and a muffled splash as the little Indian maid and her unborn child struck the bottom of the cliff. Then—silence again—

This is the legend of Green Lake and even now the still angry and revengeful waters of "Norwegian Bay" sometimes claim persons for their own.

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I DO SET MY BOW IN THE CLOUD

I heard the pearl-grey mew
Scream through the misty blue;
On eager wing it flew
O'er the bay;
Then, in its wandering flight
It vanished from my sight
Far away! Far away!

O bird, if only I
Abroad with you might fly
Unto some clearer sky
Fair with love!
Such was my thought, when lo,
Out shone the heavenly bow
High above, high above!

With color bright it spanned
The water and the land—
To show that love's own hand,
Everywhere,
Doth all our wants supply,
No matter is the sky
Dark or fair; dark or fair!

—Mary Grant O'Sheridan
(Written in the old home on Lake Monona).

# The Founding of Nashotah Mission

*By Sarah Ivins*

WHEN Pope Gregory, fired with enthusiasm by the sight of the fair-haired English offered for sale in the Roman slave market, sent his emissary, Saint Augustine, to carry Christianity to England, or when St. Boniface penetrated into the forests of Germany, not even the wildest flights of their imagination could picture the effect of their example across the wide stretches of the Atlantic Ocean in the middle of the 19th century. Yet such was the case. A group of theological students attending the General Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York City in the year 1840 were so fired with zeal by their study of the missions of the seventh and following centuries that Bishop Kemper, the Episcopal Bishop of the Northwest, found sympathetic listeners. His plea was for men ready and willing to forego marriage for some years and to endure all kinds of hardships. Seven members of the same class banded themselves together into a group that for a year held weekly meetings for the purpose of perfecting their plan. This group later for various reasons dwindled to three men, the Rev. Wm. Adams, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. James Lloyd Breck, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. John Henry Hobart, a son of the Bishop of New York and a graduate of Columbia College.

Having been duly appointed as missionaries with an annual stipend of two hundred and fifty dollars each, these three men set out to establish, under the direction of Bishop Kemper, somewhere in the missionary district of the Northwest, an Associate Mission, living practically under the discipine of a religicus house, with the twofold purpose of training young men for the ministry and as missionaries conducting services in the neighborhood. Accordingly, on September 1, 1841, the start was made for the West by Breck and Adams, Hobart having preceded them by a few days. Up the Hudson River they went by steamer from New York to Albany. The next morning they journeyed by rail to Syracuse, one hundred and fifty miles, spending the entire day from seven-thirty in the morning until dark making the trip, then by a canal barge drawn by horses to Oswego, thirty-eight miles distant. Here at 6 P. M. September third they embarked on a steamboat on Lake Ontario.

The first nine months of their life in Wisconsin were spent in Prairieville, or Waukesha, as it is now called, then a village of from two to four hundred inhabi-

Some Views of a Remarkable Wisconsin Institution

tants. Their room was about the size of their bed and adjoined the postoffice, but later on quarters were obtained in a log house of two rooms, one of which was theirs with the slight drawback of sharing it with the family three times a day at meals. Here the kindly neighbors taught them to chop wood, and helped them to acquire water-proof stogies for their feet. At first they held services in a stone building called the Academy,—later a frame church was built. One of the men always remained here on Sunday, while the others by horse-back, or on foot conducted services in the thirty miles of territory adjoining Prairieville.

In an appeal for support issued soon afterwards the following summary of conditions in Wisconsin is given: "There are some facts which give to the territory of Wisconsin, at the present time a peculiar interest. It bids fair to take a speedy preeminence among the Western States. Having been only a territory during the wild times of speculation, it is now unburdened by the state debts which are crushings its neighbors, Michigan, and Indiana, and Illinois. Equal to them in the fertility of its soil, it far exceeds them in the healthfulness of its climate, the abundance of pure water in its numerous springs and water-courses, the agreeableness of its scenery, the favorable intermingling of its small prairies with oak openings and timberland, and above all the sober, industrious and generally moral character of its popuation, who are, in the main, but a colony from New York and Vermont, mixed up with Germans and other foreigners. These considerations have already attracted toward it the main tide of immigration, and will, in all human probability, cause it to absorb for some time to come a very large proportion of sober and industrious immigrants. Its rapid increase seems then to depend almost on a moral necessity, unless it be supposable that they who are seeking a new home in the far West will disregard such manifest and numerous advantages. Whatever movement, therefore, secular or religious, may be made in regard to Wisconsin, cannot be an unimportant one; while to be effective, it should be speedy and energetic. . . . . The external propriety of manners, whch from a social point of view is so greatly in favor of the settlers in Wisconsin, has little to do with religion. In this respect they are under the same unfavorable influences with all pioneers of civilization. They have broken up old associations and the blessed privileges of a settled neighborhood; they have taken themselves and families away from friends and relatives; they have made a total change in their modes of life, and commenced a new course in ruder style, removed from the restraints of an older country, for the *one* object, not of bettering their worldly conditions at once—for in numberless cases the present change is for the worse,—but of enriching themselves in the future, at the cost of immedate and great personal sacrifice. . . .

The appeal from which this quotation has been made met with such favorable response that in August, 1842, possession was taken of the present property, incorporated as Nashotah House, but known locally as the Mission, a name handed down from its earliest character. Its location, about fourteen miles from Waukesha, is in a region of small lakes and at the time of its purchase possessed the attraction of a low price. For months, on their journeys, the men had been on the lookout for a suitable location, and finally the Rev. Mr. Adams, accompanied by the Rev. L. B. Hull of Milwaukee, made a careful examination of the claim afterward purchased. The Rev. J. H. Egar in a monograph on Nashotah gives the following description. "The Nashotah or Twin Lakes (as their Indian name signifies) are two of a chain of four, the other two being the Upper and Lower Nemahbin lying about the center of this lake region, twenty-five miles from Milwaukee, and on the summit, or ridge, which separates the tributaries of Rock River and the Mississippi from those of Lake Michigan. From this fact the town of Summit in which they are situated receives its name. The general water level of the vicinity is about three hundred feet above Lake Michigan, and the highest elevation in southeastern Wisconsin is attained by a hill four miles away, which attains an altitude of 669 feet above the same base line. To anyone who ascended this hill in 1842, the prospect presented would have been that of a broken and rolling country, covered, as far as the eye could reach, with masses of forest foliage, mostly oak, the lights and shadows following the swells and undulations of the country, and the continuity of the forest unbroken by the insignificant clearings of the settlers. In the hollows of this expanse lie the gem-like sheets of water, reflecting the blue light of heaven. North of east is Pewaukee Lake, (popularly translated Snail Lake but meaning the white shells on the shore). . . . Looking north is Nagowicka, with its island, and beyond Pine Lake with its island. Beyond these but invisible from this point is North Lake. To the northwest the eye catches the triangular sheet of water called by the Indian name of Okauchee, and as it sweeps round towards the west, Oconomowoc and La Belle, and south of these, Silver Lake, so called by the tint given to the water by the white sand of its bed. Westward and nearer than the last-mentioned are Upper and Lower Nemahbin, the sisters of the Nashotahs, and beyond these Crooked Lake; and then as we turn southwestward, Golden Lake in the distance, beyond which the limestone ridge trends away till it is lost in the high prairies of southern Wisconsin. These are not all but only the principal sheets of water which are visible from this point. There are said to be thirty-two in the county. Upon these lakes was the claim which the missionaries proposed to purchase. It lay to the east and south of the Upper Nashotah, and extended about halfway down the east bank of the Lower Nashotah, the lakes being the western limit, and the eastern the section line. The deed was made jointly to the three missionaries. The tract which thus came into their possession is a spot which for natural beauty and for the purposes of such an institution is unsurpassed. About midway of the east bank of the Upper Nashotah is a level plateau, elevated about sixty feet above the water, and containing about ten acres. From this the ground falls rapidly to the north and in small ridges toward the south, while on the east it is bounded by a ridge somewhat higher, beyond which is level country for

a short distance. Here was the natural site for the institution and here the buildings have been erected. . . . Famous as the Churchmen of the Middle Ages were for the location of the institutions, they were seldom more fortunate than was the Associated Mission in obtaining this site."

To this site so richly endowed by nature the missionaries moved and prepared to lay the foundations of their lasting work. There was already on the ground a claim shanty, 17x13 ft., built by some squatter who had been attracted by the beauty of the location. The cabin was situated near the bluff of the road and was made or rough boards without lath or plaster. Buffalo robes were spread upon the floor in lieu of beds or mattresses. Here their services were conducted, their meals of pork, potatoes, and tea prepared, and preparations made for receiving students.

Soon after this the Bishop made a visitation, and Dr. Breck describes the services at one of the mission stations as follows: . . . "The people fitted up a large barn for the visitation of the Bishop, the arrangement of which was as follows: At the extreme end was placed the altar, on its left a reading desk and a chancel in front, on the right and in the mow (five feet above the level of the floor) was fixed the choir. The services were as follows: Morning Prayer with baptism of one adult, when the Bishop preached the first sermon and confirmed five adults. After this there was an intermission of *fifteen minutes*, and then followed the ante-communion service, the Creed after the Gospel, and a second discourse, and he then administered the Communion to thirty-one persons. After the Holy Communion, according to the fashion to be introduced into these parts, all the communicants came forward and shook hands with their Bishop, being severally introduced by one of us. After half an hour's intermission, the congregation again assembled for Evening Prayer, during which there was a woman churched and Holy Baptism administered to seven children. After Evening Prayer the Bishop made a few touching remarks." Thus passed a day, the brightest, said the Bishop, in his calendar.

In this day of movies, automobiles, Sunday papers and radio one can but marvel at such a day's program.

Soon after this event the missionaries, who were as yet only deacons, made a journey to Green Bay and Duck Creek, the Indian reservation, for ordination to the priesthood. This journey of 120 miles was made in four days, in a lumber wagon, the Bishop accompanying them. On October 9th they were ordained in the midst of the Oneidas. "Early in the morning the solemn tones of the church bell fell on the ear. . . At the hour appointed for the worship we accompanied the Bishop to the Church. By this time groups of Indians had arrived and were sitting, some on the Church steps, some on this log and some on that,—a sight so full of interest to a Churchman that we can never forget it. The bell at length ceased its tolling, and the Indians were all within its consecrated walls. We went to the rear of the Church, entered by two doors, approached and knelt at the altar. So soon as we had risen a single voice commenced chanting the first sentence of the Te Deum in the Oneida language, at the close of which the whole congregation sung aloud Hallelujah three times, and so they continued three times at the end of each sentence. . . We were then ordained. . . The sight was now in the highest degree interesting. There are 110 communicants amongst the Oneidas. Their humility is striking and well worth the white man's imitation. . . . Particularly of the women is it well to note that they retain the short gown and blanket, which latter they wear over the head, thus hanging over the whole person,—a dress peculiarly modest, hiding the whole body, except a small portion of the face and oftentimes all of this. . . Early the next morning Brother Adams and myself started for Nashotah on foot, but we had not gone over twenty miles when a man desired us to take back a horse he had hired, and so we rode most of the way home. They gave us a bell weighing 88 pounds, a pair of globes and a variety of school-books." The bell that Dr. Breck speaks of was hung at first in an oak tree from whence it called to chapel and to class. At present it hangs in the cloister and shares its honors with a larger bell of fuller, richer tone, hung in a rustic bell-tower, and familarly known as "Old Michael."

The period immediately following was one of great interest in the development of the Mission. In the little "claim agent's shanty" the men learned to bake and brew, to wash and sew. True, kindly women occasionally drove over from Waukesha to set things to rights and to restock the larder, but for some time the culinary art remained a mystery and efforts to make pancakes simply out of flour and water succeeded only in producing a sticky mass which clung to spoon and dish and fingers. A house was built, two stories in height, containing three rooms on the ground floor, a kitchen and a common room, and upstairs three rooms served as study and bed rooms. One of these bed-rooms was 12x14 feet and was furnished in due time with five bed frames hinged against the wall and let down at night. This room accommodated six persons with trunks, wardrobes, bedroom, and study furniture. The house, known as the Blue House, is still standing, though not in its original location.

Land was ploughed up, fences were built, and the next summer a combination chapel and schoolhouse was built. This also was two stories in height, the lower floor containing but one room which served as a schoolroom but which opened by folding doors into a chancel, one story in height. By this arrangement a chapel was formed having a seating capacity of fifty persons. In the basement as well as on the second floor were sleeping rooms, those in the basement being preferred because of their warmth. The claim agent's cabin was added to the Blue House as a kitchen, later became a carpenter shop, and finally disintegrated. By the year 1844 there were twenty-eight students in attendance. To the shanty kitchen had been added a one-story dining room containing two long tables and wooden benches. Adjoining this in turn was a humble edifice styled "St. Lazarus Row", divided lengthwise through the centre, then subdivided into individual rooms 7x9 ft., not plastered but a great advance in comfort and luxury as each room accommodated only one student. The first chapel was moved to make room for larger buildings but is still standing by the old Blue House and the privilege of celebrating at its altar is eagerly sought by the Alumni at Commencement and on opening day, September 29th. The site of the first altar in the chapel is marked by a stone cross.

The daily life was a strenuous one. 'We usually rose at four. At five minutes past four we were all required, rain or snow, cold or hot, to be present at the Indian Grave to answer personally the roll call of our names. At six we had prayers in the Chapel. At seven breakfast. At nine prayers again. From ten to twelve out-door labor. At twelve prayers again. At twelve-thirty dinner. From two to four out-door labor. At six prayers again. At six-thirty supper. At nine prayers again. At ten our lights must be extinguished and all be in bed, except the watchman for the week, whose duty was to make a round at ten-thirty, to see that all was safe from fire. Our usual amount of manual labor was such as clearing land, felling trees, hauling wood, spitting fence rails, making fences, plowing, harrowing, hoeing, and all farm work. Then there was washing, ironing, baking, cooking, carpentering, tailoring, etc. Often half of our number would be called away from study in the hoeing season at planting or at harvest time. Then it was that even starvation was endured without mumur and from thankful hearts arose gratitude even for the scanty allowance of bran bread."

On Saturday afternoons there was a

*(Continued on page 41)*

# Honeybees in Wisconsin

*By Alice E. Cummings*

CENTURIES ago the little honeybees were the only source of sweets. Long before the development of sugar cane and sugar beets, honey was a food available only to the nobility because the early beekeepers did not know how to manage the bees to get large crops of honey, and so because of its rarity only this class could obtain it..

Praises of honey begin with the earliest records of ancient Egypt. In almost all recipes of Saxon and the later periods, honey was a common ingredient. Hindu doctors used new honey as a laxative and as an astringent after it became a year old. In India, honey and yellow wax were used to treat ulcers and cancers. The ancients of Abyssinnia, Russia, and Rome made their highest grade wines from honey. In ancient East, honey was used in cakes, choice foods, and as a preservative of fruits. Heathens used it in sacred ceremonies, the Jewish ritual forbade its use in sacrifice. When valuable seeds, or bird's eggs were sent a long way they were packed in honey. A jar of honey 3,000 years old was found in the burial chamber of King Tut.

Even today honey is one of the choicest sweets and Wisconsin is one of the five leading states producing honey. Over 8,000,000 pounds of honey valued at $2,000,000 was produced by Badger beekeepers in 1923. The total amount in the United States is close to $100,000,000,- and out of 8,000,000 beekeepers, Wisconsin has 15,000.

The more important Wisconsin honeys come from white, sweet and alsike clovers, basswoods, wild raspberry, and fall flowers such as the buckwheat and aster.

Ordinarily, honey is judged by its color, flavor and density. There are endless varieties of flavors, making it possible to please the most exacting taste. Color is not always a good guide, for the famous heather honey of Europe is quite dark. The best honeys in this country are usually referred to as "water white."

It has been found that practically all Wisconsin honey produced before August 1, and about 80 per cent of our honey is produced before that date, is white in color. This means that most of Wisconsin honey is in the best class of honeys.

Many persons have the false impression that honey is frequently adulterated. This is not true, according to Professor Harley Frost Wilson of the department of Economic Entomology of the University of Wisconsin for it is cheaper to let the bees gather the raw nectar from the fields than it would be to feed them sugar and have them make it into honey.

When the first warm days of spring come, the worker bees fly to the fields and gather nectar, pollen, and water. The brood rearing commences, and the workers are kept busy constantly feeding and caring for the young larvae. About the middle of June the number of bees may be increased to 75,000 or even 100,000 in expectation of a good honey harvest. The colony prepares to swarm so that it may increase the number of colonies. The old mother queen leaves just before the young queen is ready to emerge as an adult. She leaves with the larger portion of worker bees to find a new home. The first queen to emerge may swarm also, or she may stay and kill off her rival sisters. This is practically the only time that a queen bee stings. Most beekeepers feel that swarming is not advisable because divided forces are never so strong as the original. For this reason, they provide plenty of room for the colony and make everything as suitable as possible for the storing of a large crop of honey.

The bee colony is a model of thrift and industry. In organization and cooperation, the bees are far ahead of the higher animals, including man. There seems to be a definite plan that one can follow in the formation of a bee colony which makes for the success of the group. Each bee has a definite work to do, and is guided and educated, so to speak, from the moment of birth to fill that position. There are three types in a colony. First there is a single queen whose duty it is to lay all the eggs from which the young bees develop. Second, there are the drones, or males, whose only purpose in life is to mate with and fertilize the queen. Third, there are the countless worker bees through whose efforts we are able to enjoy the honey.

For the first three days after hatching, all the larvae are fed "royal jelly," which is obtained from certain glands in the heads of the worker bees. If the fertilized egg is to be a queen, it is fed 'royal jelly" throughout its development and is placed in a larger cell where it can develop more fully

If the fertile egg is to be a worker, the food is changed after the first three days, and the jelly is mixed with pollen and honey. After a few days, these larvae are sealed up in their cells by the young worker bees which act as nurses, after which the larvae spins a cocoon and changes into the form of an adult bee.

The unfertilized eggs which the queen lays develop into drones, who are the lazy folks in the bee colony. They receive little or no sympathy from the worker bees who either kill them or drive them out of the hive when the busy season comes. Such is the life of the poor male provider.

The little worker bees have a very short playtime, or childhood, if we may speak of them in that way, for in two days after they emerge, they are busy at work in the hive house—cleaning and preparing the cells for the eggs. They also build the comb and gather the nectar

Have you ever wondered how these little busybodies carry the pollen which they gather in the fields from the flowers? They collect it by hairs all over their bodies and transfer it to "pollen baskets" and carry it back to the hive. The nectar from the flowers is drawn up by suction with a very specialized tongue and then stored in a special sac known as the

C. W. Aepler and Son, Oconomowoc

"honey stomach." Each bee is thus able to carry back about one drop of honey on each trip. The nectar is stored in the wax cells where it is allowed to remain for several days.

While the nectar is thus stored, the bees evaporate the excessive moisture from the nectar and it is changed into honey. It is while this process is going on that the complex sugars of the nectar are changed into the simple sugars of honey which are so easily absorbed by the human body. When this process is complete, the workers cover the individual cells with wax which keeps the honey from fermenting.

By means of movable frames, hives, and honey sections, each comb is hung separate in a frame, so that the careful bee-keeper can take the surplus honey from the hive without disturbing a single bee, and without getting his hands daubed with honey.

You are probably well acquainted with the fact that the workers act as guards for the hive, for who has not been challenged by the bee at some time or other—and probably stung? The stinger is only a protection for the poor little bee, a compensation for its minuteness, perhaps. If the bee did not have this stinger, it would be robbed of all its food and would soon cease to exist. The stinger is composed of slender point pieces which fit together forming an open channel throughout the bee's entire length. When the stinger is forced into the flesh, it is held there by tiny barbs something like the end of a fish hook during which a poisonous liquid is forced into the wound. The prick of the sting is similar to that of a pin or needle—it is the liquid which causes the swollen appearance that you have no doubt experienced.

You may avoid this painful effect in a simple manner. Immediately upon being stung, remove the stinger by scraping it away with a sharp edge—such as a finger nail. Do not pull the stinger out, for then you will only force the poison deeper into the wound. Try this the next time that you are stung, and you will not fear the honeybee with such a vengeance.

Though six to eight weeks is the life of a bee, the queen may live for two or three years. One bee would have to make a million trips to secure a single pound of honey. But remember that the honeybee can carry only one drop of nectar on each trip, so that when you take a teaspoon of honey you have before you the life work of a single bee—for that is the maximum that any bee ever attains in a life-time.

The first state beekeepers' association was founded at Wisconsin in the year 1886, at Janesville. At present this state has the third largest association in the United States. The membership fee of $1.00 includes a year subscription to the

Bishop's Apiary, Sheboygan

association magazine, "Wisconsin Beekeeping," which in itself is worth the fee because of the valuable expert advice which the publication offers. Members also contribute material about their experiences as beekeepers, and send it to Madison where the magazine is printed under the editorship of H. F. Wilson, head of the Entomology department of the College of Agricuture.

A Wisconsin honey week is one of the things which the organization carried out successfully last year in November, and for that reason will be repeated again this year from November 16 to 22, in which all the members will cooperate in putting over a big advertising campaign. Because several states have written in for particulars about a similar honey week in each state, the Wisconsin association feels that the effort to establish a state honey week in each state will eventually develop into a national honey week.

Many interesting lectures are prepared for and presented at town meetings by the association, which endeavors to cover the entire state during the winter. These experts not only cite problems and discuss the proper methods of keeping bees, but are available for advice in regard to individual apiaries and frequent inspection tours are made to insure that the proper care is being exercised by the farmer, so that he may get the maximum from his investment.

Plans are now being made for the Beekeepers' Conference and Chatauqua which will take place August 12 to 15, at Fond du Lac. Besides the usual meetings and inspection of honey, there will be many entertainments. One of the attractions already planned is a Robin Hood performance in which beekeepers will take part. The cast has been picked, and practice has started.

Because Wisconsin honey is so very superior in every way, the association has, through standardization of labels, posters, and containers, made it possible for members to pack their honey in a very attractive way. The eye is the consumer's guide and the container is the first thing he sees—a dirty looking container is not going to produce a buying stimulus. Because the honey packed in the association containers, with the association labels is guaranteed, the Badger honey is the kind the customer will want. Being in the clover region, Wisconsin has one of the most favorable areas for the production of superior honey.

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**Famous American Authors**, by Sarah K. Bolton (Thomas Y. Crowell Company).

There are a few benighted pessimists among our American critics who would seem to discredit nearly all that has been written on this side of the Atlantic. This book is an answer to those who will not see that America has indeed expressed herself through her writers, especially since the day of Washington Irving. American Literature is distinctive, original, the product of American living and thinking, and need not to bow its head before the European product. The author has given us an intimate view of the lives of twenty-one of America's foremost writers. To read about them is to be a better citizen of our wonderful country.

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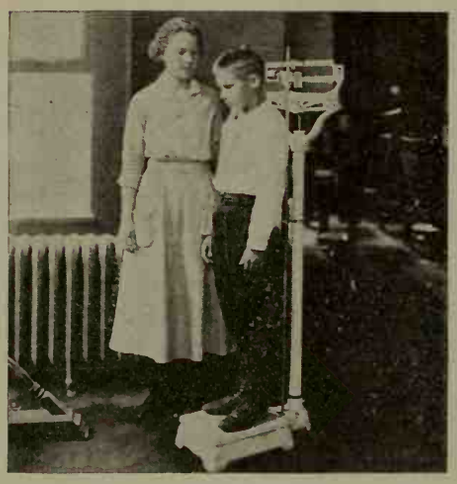
**Table Decorations**, by Edna S. Tipton (Frederick A. Stokes Company). For the woman who enjoys the unique and original embellishment of the "festive board" this book offers innumerable suggestions for all seasons and occasions. It also contains about fifty beautiful photographs illustrating the text.

# The Traveling Clinic

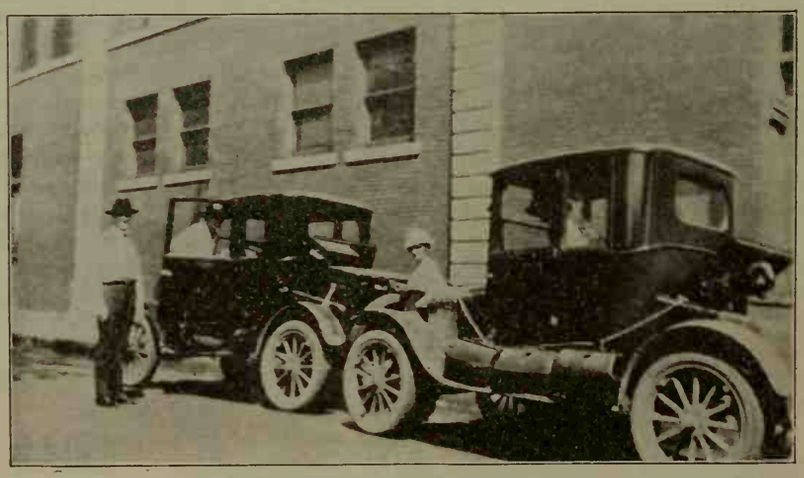
## Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association Responsible for Traveling Clinic, Covering the Entire State and Giving Free Examinations to Thousands in Its War on Disease

*By Marguerite Breen*



Every child is weighed before the examination. If underweight advice is given on proper methods of gaining.

THE popular medicine show of years ago has been revived in Wisconsin in a new form. Gone is the sway of the old-time medicine man, who traveled from town to town with a supply of "cure-alls", guaranteeing with persuasive, silver-tongued oratory to cure every bodily disorder with his magic, bottled wares. There is all the appeal of the old-time medicine man in this modern health show known as the Traveling Free Chest Clinic, but none of his quackery. Careful, competent physical examination and diagnosis replace the patent medicines of the medicine show. An innovation of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, the Traveling Clinic, is manned by reputable physicians and social workers and comes to each community under the auspices of some local, civic organization. Its purpose is three-fold: to discover unsuspected cases of tuberculosis in the incipient stages, when the disease is readily curable and to find advanced and old chronic cases that are not under proper treatment; to carry into the community an intensive health educational campaign; and to teach the value of periodic physical examination.



With traveling bags on the running board and platform scales in the rear, the clinic is ready for the road.

A little mining town in northern Wisconsin: More than half the population of dark-haired, black-eyed Italians and blue-eyed, lighthaired Finns were examined. Thirty-six cases of tuberculosis were found among the 491 patients and sanatorium treatment was urged for 12. Nearly three hundred had dental defects, and 240 had simple goiters, while 144 had defective tonsils. Numerous other defects were revealed. The Traveling Clinic went to Iron Belt at the urgent request of the Iron county board, which was alarmed over the number of deaths from tuberculosis in this community.

A state normal school with pretty girls and stalwart young men, Wisconsin's future teachers, falling in line for examination: The Whitewater normal, the first teacher-training institution in the state to use the services ofthe Traveling Clinic, has made these examinations an annual event. That the students as a group were in good condition was revealed by the examinations, although four were pronounced suspicious cases of tuberculosis and urged to place themselves under the immediate care and constant observation of a physician.

An Indian reservation, without a doctor for two years: The League of Women Voters, aroused over reports of conditions at the Bad River reservation, urged the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association to send its doctors to Odanah for a week. More than half of the Indians were examined, from tiny brown-skinned babies in arms to a typical old squaw of 73 with her hair in a braid. Approximately 16 per cent of the 215 adults examined had tuberculosis and over four per cent of the 414 children were infected. Thirteen patients were advised to enter sanatoria. A startling prevalence of dental defects was revealed in the examination, and as a result of the clinic the government has sent a field dentist to the reservation to spend several months.

A large vocational school, where nearly 500 boys and girls about to enter industry were examined at two visits of the Traveling Clinic: At these clinics five active cases of tuberculosis were found and 20 others were pronounced suspicious of tuberculosis and warned to build up their powers of resistance and have frequent examination. The Sheboygan Vocational School, which was the first in the state to have a demonstration of this kind, will now have annual visits to the Traveling Clinic.

A Wisconsin factory, where the work of a busy day was interrupted long enough to give every employe who wished an examination an opportunity to attend the Free Clinic, which came to the factory at the request of its management: The fact that two active cases of tuberculosis and one suspicious case, which were unsuspected by the employer and the patients themselves, were found in the group of 41 examined is convincing evidence of the

At the Onadah Indian Reservation Clinic a 73 year old squaw brought her grandchildren and great grand-children in for examination.

value of this clinic, held at the Jamesway plant, Fort Atkinson, the first purely industrial clinic held by the state association.

These are but a few of the unusual one, two, three, and even whole week stops made by this modern Health Show during the past year. From little villages off the railroad to Wisconsin's bustling cities, the Traveling Free Chest Clinic carries its intensive fight against the White Plague into every corner of the state. Sometimes cutting across the country in cars; other times catching early morning or late evening trains, the clinic teams especially during the spring, summer, and fall months, have a busy schedule with examinations nearly every day from 8:30 until 6 and with health talks before schools and clubs sandwiched in between. Whole county series are rather frequent, with one-day stops at various communities. Among the counties that have had one or more series of clinics are: Jefferson, Grant, Marathon, Fond du Lac, Washington, Winnebago, Dodge, Oconto, Columbia, Lincoln, Polk, Green Barron, Iowa, St. Croix, Walworth, Rock, Sauk, Pierce, Vilas Bayfield, Douglas, Trempealeau, Waupaca, Clark, Price, Wood, and Sheboygan.

A bared-chest examination holds no terrors for Wisconsin school children.

"People won't come out" is the usual prophecy in communities before the first clinic. If it were a baby clinic, local workers say, it would be comparatively simple to arouse interest, but to get adults to submit to an examination is another story. After the clinic gets started, however, the question usually takes the form of "how many will be turned away?" In nearly every community visited such crowds are eager for examination that the doctors work unceasingly throughout the day, and even then it is usually impossible to examing all who apply for examination and in the average community scores are turned away. The advance work for the clinic consists of newspaper publicity for several weeks previous, posters exhibited about the town, dodgers presented to school children, church and social announcements, and visits to families in which there has been tuberculosis.

The Traveling Clinic made more than 30,000 examinations from 1919 when the work was inaugurated through 1923 and among these patients over 4,000 cases of tuberculosis were found. Many of those found tuberculous did not realize that their lungs were infected, but through early discovery of the disease and prompt treatment are now completely recovered or on their way back to health. The Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association has a complete file of the records of every patient examined, and every case of tuberculosis is followed up. Letters, literature, and personal visits are all a part of the plan to keep in touch with those found tuberculous and to see that proper treatment is carried out. Many check up on their condition on every return visit of the clinic to their community.

Although the examinations at the clinics include a large number of supposedly "well" people, only a small percentage have been found to be in first-class physical condition. All kinds of defects ranging from carious teeth and diseased tonsils to organic heart disease were revealed in patients who had not suspected there was anything wrong. Among the most prevalent findings were: simple goiters, of which 8,340 were found in the sils, 8,406; organic heart disease, 1,745; enlarged adenoids, 1,398; defective teeth, 7,014. More than 2,000 children were found to be ten per cent underweight. More than half of those examined had some condition requiring medical attention and were referred to their family physician for treatment. Over 5,000 had not been protected against smallpox by vaccination. The clinic findings are convincing evidence, state examiners assert, of the importance of periodic examination in insuring the early discovery of bodily disorders.

The Public Also Profits by the New Interest in Diagnosis Awakened in Local Physicians by the Clinic and by the Opportunity it Affords Them to Get in Touch with the Latest Diagnostic Technique.

In addition to its Traveling Clinic program, the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association also conducts periodic clinics in several communities. Kenosha has one every week, Racine every two weeks, and the following communities once a month: Burlington, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Waukesha, Eau Claire, Watertown, Chippewa,

(Continued on page 42)

THE REFUGEES

*By Thelma Roach*

# The Silhouette Artist

HARLEQUIN

"THE PEN is mightier than the sword", Edward Bulwer Lytton once said. Perhaps he did not refer to the artist's pen when he made this statement, but it is most certain that it would have been included if the author had lived in this day and age with the opportunity of observing the work of Bernice Oehler.

In her little studio in Madison, Bernice Oehler produces drawings which demonstrate better than anything else the power of her pen. Graceful dancing girls, Raggety Anns, portraits of lovely women, or beautiful landscapes appear according to the wishes of the skillful hand that guides the pen over the paper.

Her studio of itself is remarkable. It is the home of a true artist. Neutral walls hung with colorful tapestries and lovely pictures, couches hidden beneath luxurious coverings, a polished table graced with a vase of flowers, windows with cheerful hangings is in brief the impression that the room gives.

Sitting before her easel in these picturesque surroundings, Bernice Oehler related something of the story of her life and her work.

"I was born in Lake Mills, Wisconsin", she said. "Since the day that I could hold a pencil in my hands I have drawn. When I was just a little tot my grandmother guided my hand. I loved animals, and as I grew older I took great delight in drawing them—especially horses. I must confess that I am still very fond of doing it."

A mischievous flash flickered in the eyes of the speaker as she said, "I remember one time I was called down by the teacher for drawing pictures in my book instead of doing my lessons. I was forever drawing. I can't tell you how many of my father's ledgers I filled with these early efforts of mine.

"When I was a little girl I decided that some day I would become an artist, and that thought has always been uppermost in my mind."

There were times during her high school career when she was forced to put aside her art work and take up her studies, but not once did she waver from her purpose.

"I remember one incident of my youth that always makes me laugh", Bernice Oehler went on to say. "When my brother departed for college he asked he to draw him something.

" 'What shall I draw you,' I inquired?

" 'Oh anything', he replied, 'draw me a mump germ!'

"So I got out my pencil and paper and succeeded in producing the most ferocious looking germ. It had a dragon-like head and a barbed tail."

Brother was pleased with the results and carried the drawing off with him to school and gave it a position of honor on the wall of his room. A month later he came down with the mumps."

At this point the laugh, which she said that this story always called forth, echoed merrily through the room. There certainly is nothing serious and formal about Bernice Oehler. She seems to get the greatest joy out of life. The merry expression in her brown eyes as she related this story is typical of her.

The artist received two years training at Milwaukee Downer, and three years at the Art Institute in Chicago.

"The training that I received during the period when I was an instructor in the schools was the best of all", she explained. "When you move about the class criticising the individual drawings you cannot help but form some very definite standards of your own."

Bernice Oehler taught in the Stevens Point Normal school, the Madison High school and the University of Wisconsin.

It was the coal strike in March 1918 that gave the artist her first real opportunity. She went

EGYPTIAN DANCE
Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn

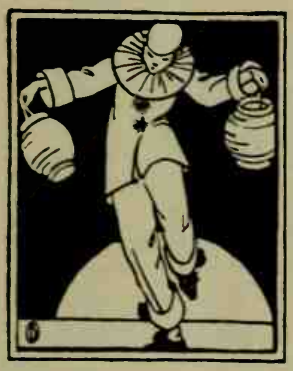
LES MISERABLES

on to explain how a coal strike should have such a marked effect on her work.

"You see, the schools were closed down because of the coal shortage, and we were all given a week's vacation. I was teaching in the Madison High school at the time. One of the girls invited me to visit the interpretive dancing class in the University of Wisconsin. I gladly accepted."

Needless to say that she took her pencil and paper with her. Some quick

PIERROT



sketches were the result of the visit.

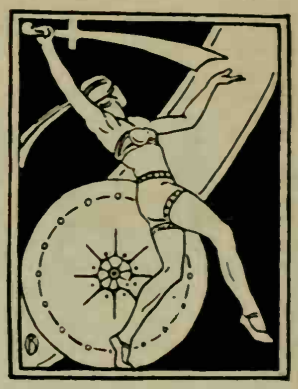
"I took these drawings home and worked them over in silhouette form, obtaining very satisfactory results. Some of my friends wanted these drawings, and gradually the demand for my "dancing girls" increased."

About this time some of Bernice Oehler's work was put on exhibition in Madison and Milwaukee, and later in Chicago. The graceful, lifelike figures of the dancing girls were undoubtedly a success.

"Rhythm is the most fundamental thing in the universe", the little artist went on to say. "Dancing is an elemental art. In ancient times it was the first art to be developed. Every emotion that the human being is capable of can be expressed in the dance. This is the reason that I love to draw these dancing figures. I can put all my heart and soul into it. Rhythm and movement are the most wonderful things in the world!"

Who can doubt these words after looking at the expressive figures that Bernice Oehler has produced?

Last year Ruth St. Dennis danced in Madison. Bernice Oehler attended the performance and made some sketches of the well known dancer. This year



one of the covers of *The Drama*, drawn by the artist, was one of these drawings in the finished form. Ruth St. Dennis wrote to the artist, expressing a desire to buy the original drawing.

Later she wrote Miss Oehler that she was coming to Madison this year, and that she would like to pose for the artist.

Though Bernice Oehler's preferences are definite, her enterprise has been varied. She has drawn illustrations for books, designed movie titles, frontispieces, covers for magazines, and drawn portraits and landscapes.

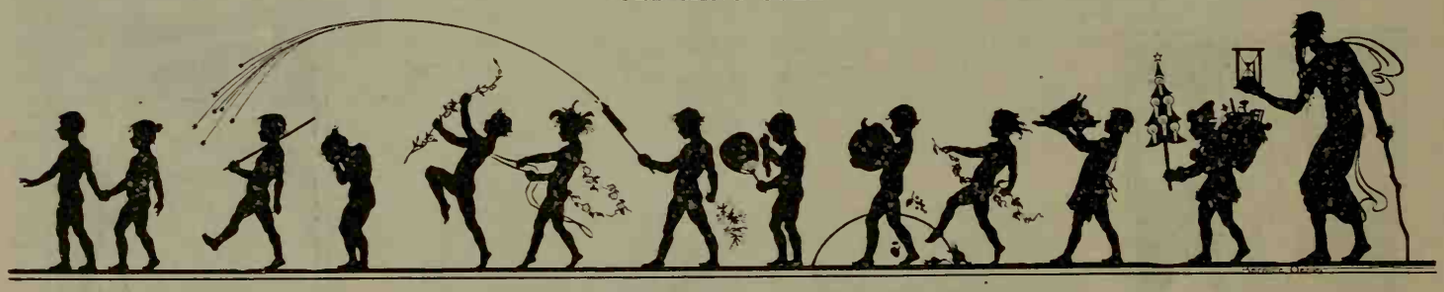
Her genius is evident to a marked degree, but it is not through it alone that she achieved success.

"Work is necessary in any phase of life if you want your aspirations to be realizations",

THE PEACOCK DANCE

THE FLAME

OLD KING COLE



MARCH OF THE MONTHS

she declared. "I have always said that it is 50 per cent work and 50 per cent ability."

"To be really happy and successful you must love your work. Otherwise how can you put the enthusiasm and determination into it which is necessary to attain the heights that you are striving for?"

The big brown eyes of the speaker flashed. "Keep your eyes open", she said! There are many things in life that you will miss if you are not alert.

"And above all", she declared, "don't be afraid of what you are working at—go ahead! If you have an idea, follow it up and don't fear the consequences."

THE RAGGETY ANNS

# Analyzing Yourself Into Success

*By Joyce Larkin*

ARE you happy and satisfied in your chosen work? Are you sure you have found the ideal occupation, and yet are not contented? Are you that much talked-of combination of a "square peg in a round hole?" Well, what are you doing about it?

This article is the result of a long and intensive study of every book available on the subject of character analysis. It embodies the findings of my brother and myself in our effort to find the right occupation for him and keep him happy in it. If you are willing to sit down and go over the facts we gleaned, if you will be perfectly honest with yourself, perhaps our discoveries will help you, too.

In every field there are thousands of misfits. Some of them are aware of the fact that they do not fit, and are acutely unhappy. Thousands are unaware of the fact, and blame life because of its apparent blindness in awarding success. Thousands know they are not in the right field, keep changing from one occupation to another, drifting aimlessly onward until arrested by death.

My brother and I decided that before he chose an occupation, he must know his strong points, his weak points, the necessary qualifications for success, the kind of work he would be most successful in performing.

After extensive reading, we selected six qualifications we believed necessary in any young man if he wished to attain success: order, courtesy, honesty, courage, economy, and a sense of duty.

Seventy-five per cent of time and energy is lost daily in business because of poorly organized work. A successful teacher can never enter the class room unprepared. She must spend many evenings planning the next day's work. An office clerk, a salesman, a business man, all begin each day as a new day, without having once thought of possible problems. Some days are crowded, some days are empty. The worker takes things as they come, is pushed by his work. You can't plan ahead? Oho, have you tried it?

Consideration for others, well allied to tact, will build a bridge to success made of many kind friends. If your position is that of a superior, avoid a patronizing tone. We live in a democracy. If a buyer, a messenger, or an inferior appears before you, it is rudeness to continue your work hoping to impress them with your importance or your industry.

Let honesty stand alone. You have heard it discussed thousands of times, and if it is not a virtue deeply imbedded in your character, you are indeed unfortunate.

Eternally whispering into the ears of all humans is the voice of failure warning of dangers, of inferiority, of competition, of difficulties. How pleasant it is to remain in the quiet backwaters, to skip the difficult task, to delay the distasteful duty! Laugh all you wish at the motto pasted over the chief's desk. "Bite off more than you can chew—and chew it." Call it sentimental, typically business-like, and hearken to the still, small voice of envy leering through your tones. Courage. Modern business demands this qualification as did knighthood years ago.

Important to the treasury and the mind is the virtue of thrift. Doing the work of a friend or an inferior is a waste of time which marks you as the "easy" one. Look for that lost respect in the pages of the work you are doing for someone else. It isn't necessary to be a boor, never to help a friend. Help wisely and judiciously, but have your work and do it first.

Duty. Unless you are imbued with a spirit of devotion to your work, get out of it. The journalist works many hours, dares any task, in order to get the paper to the public. The teacher places herself in the background, gives up gay times and friends, in order to mark papers and prepare exercises. A nature which can not bear scorn, insufficient reward, or unrecognized services for the pure joy of a task well done, will never be successful or happy.

"You are a genius," remarked Queen Victoria to Paderewsky.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but before I was a genius I was a drudge."

Less exalted, but just as important, is that branch of duty known as punctuality. Vague, careless appointments, and slipshod, "get-by" work will lose time, money, friends, temper, and will power for you.

With the virtues settled, my brother and I went over the field of character analysis. With all the thousands of types one finds in the daily life, nature displays very little variety, for we found only six main types of men. The number of books we studied agreed on these six main divisions, many calling them by other names: the outdoor man, the mechanical man, the impractical, the ambitious, the fat, and the intellectual.

With the first warm rays of the summer sun, with the first ominous crack of the April thunder, with the first joyful raising of the office window, there comes to all of us a desire to be out in the open. Consider the suffering one would undergo if this desire were present constantly with no means of gratifying it. This longing is felt by the outdoor man, good weather or bad.

There are bridges and houses to be built, forests to preserve and exploit, fields to be tilled, food and clothing to be moved from one state to another, public playgrounds to be supervised, and sports to be directed for tired business men. If you feel a longing for that little chicken farm outside the city, go and buy it. If you long to build houses, start on a small scale, sell wisely, and build. If you sit at an unfriendly desk and long to drive a truck, drive one, later buy one, and soon you will own a fleet of them.

An out door man is well built, stocky, with a square face and plenty of brains, says the character analysis book. It points to the great generals, the famous athletes, professional dancers, contractors, and builders, explorers, farmers, and foresters of this type. The prominent chins, the square hands, the large feet, and high and wide foreheads promise this type of man success in the right occupation.

A desire to escape confining work is typical of the mechanical man also. If your hours after work are spent in a little outside shop, or in watching trains, driving or repairing cars, you may be the mechanical type. If you are the neighborhood "handy man", and like it better than your work, get into the "handy man" business. If you work in a shop creating a product used all over the world, love machines, but are sick of it all even while you like the work, get out and get into the work you can boss. If you have a trade, a little education, the six virtues, and energy, success is yours if you dare to seize it.

This type is also successful in business. Selling machinery, designing machines, repair work, advertising, all offer opportunity. Men of this type handle money well. Some show a distaste for heavy machines, but are interested in creating something which requires artistic ability, like metal work, pottery, wood carving, designing. Take an inventory, and find your place. Get more education through the correspondence schools.

Suppose you have brains, a good education, but have never been successful in any occupation. You have sold bonds, but not many. You have money one month, none the next. You can't hold a job. Details, figures, drive you mad. A small business you started failed miserably. Everyone says you are impractical.

Suppose you feel that you are misunderstood. You are sensitive, love beauty,

people value your opinion on books, pictures, and music. You are in demand at all sorts of gatherings as an entertainer, a leader of discussions. You are a good fellow, with sometimes a bad reputation, whom everyone likes to talk with, but whom no one regards with very much respect because you can not handle money. You have visions of great success in certain businesses, plan organizations, but everything crumbles and fades away at your touch, while practical men smile at your dreams of wealth. If all these characteristics are coupled with energy, persistence, and courage, there is hope. If you are lazy and cowardly, you will always fail.

What can you do? Study banking, and invest your money safely and wisely for the usual per cent. Stop day dreaming of immediate and great wealth. If you have talent in writing, music, painting, or acting, develop it. If your love of beauty is unaccompanied by talent get into work where beautiful objects are sold and advertised. If your education is adequate, you may make a fine teacher, writer, preacher, lecturer, or be successful as a critic of manuscripts for magazines.

This type is known by the forehead. If the brows are flat or if the forehead is undeveloped at the sides of the eyes, the man is lacking in powers of observation. He is not interested in facts, and makes many hasty and mistaken judgments. The forehead of the intelligent man is high and well developed. The body is usually thin, the eyes large and dreamy.

An ambitious man seems certain of success. Something more is needed besides a blind desire for success, however. There must be intelligent guidance. Our greatest authors recognize the dangerous character of uncontrolled ambition. You may desire to be a great architect, instead of a contractor. You may desire to bceome a great doctor instead of a chemist or druggist. You may long for a fine career in law, when your work is that of a business executive. You may wish to become a noted engineer, when you would make a fine railroad superintendent. You may long to be a great preacher, instead of a splendid institution manager. The tragedy of thousands of ambitious men forced into a mediocre position because they are not in the right field is the unsung saga of the modern age.

All the occupations mentioned as alternatives have no prestige, offer little chance for fame, you say. Ah, you have betrayed yourself in that one remark. Success and fame come to few, happiness comes to all working at a job because of the joy they feel in accomplishment, however unnoticed. You are not working for the pleasure of hearing the neighbors tell about your "fine job," or for the slight increase in respect you may gain. An ambitious man with the six virtues cannot fail to be happy and successful in the right work. You can't keep him down.

The professional type is more mental than physical, remember, ambitious one, more scientific. philosophic, humanitarian, more idealistic than commercial, more social and friendly than exclusive and reserved, more ambitious for professional success than wealth and prestige. Don't let the ambition to be better than the average drag you into an occupation you are not suited to perform. If you bring the six virtues to your work, however humble, you cannot fail to be a success.

Character analysis says there is a special place for the fat man. He is patient, good natured, not quite willing to do hard physical work, and shrewd. He is born to rule. Every one loves him. He has a fine sense of values, makes many worthwhile friends. He is genial, loves laughter, is a good entertainer, even if he says nothing. He is neither purely intellectual nor mechanical.

Imagine how unhappy he would be plowing a field, loading coal, building a bridge, digging a ditch. He wouldn't stay fat? Yes, he would. He'd get a chair, boss the job, and everyone would be glad to let him.

His ability to make friends enables him to organize businesses, muster his friends' wealth. His genial presence inspires confidence and trust. He has great abilty to control money, never gets nervous and irritable, never gets restless, makes a fine judge because his patience enables him to listen to tiresome details. You will find him holding office, as a judge, as a successful organizer of business, as a police captain, as a wealthy wholesaler or retailer of food or luxuries, a successful salesman of such articles, or the owner of a chain of stores.

But, you say, you have no prospect of getting fat. You are thin, muscular, and active. If your father is stout, and you resemble him there is a chance that you will be stout. A round, concave face promises increased weight, with a thick neck, especially if this thickness is at the back of the head and the fulness at the base of the brain. If you see these signs, prepare yourself for law, study economics, finance, banking, politics, political economy, public speaking, and writing.

Last, there is the thin, intellectual type. This does not mean that all the other types were not intellectual, it merely is a name for that class of people who are frail. People in this type are thin, have fine hair and skin, are nervous, delicate and slender, with narrow shoulders. They do not like physical work any more than the fat type. They make splendid professional men, clerks, secretaries, accountants, salesmen, window trimmers, decorators, or advertising men. They display talent early in life and usually have a good education. Without it, they are apt to join the ranks of the criminals rather than work at uncongenial labor. With it, they make our finest thinkers. They have large heads, especially above the ears and forehead, fine slender jaws, and their chins are not particularly broad.

The chart following, if filled in honestly and carefully, will let you know if you are another "100 per center."

I wish that I could tell you that my brother and I gained phenomenal success by following this method. Let it be enough to say that he is happy in a new vocation, in preparing for an advance by taking a correspondence course, and he knows his type. We both have benefited by the study. We hope you will, too.

It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Chart.

Fill in the chart, placing after the various parts, the grade you think you honestly deserve. Add, and may you be near 100 per cent.

Physical—25 points.
- Health—5 points.
- Endurance—5 points.
- Good appearance—5 points.
- Pleasing voice—5 points.
- Energy—5 points.

Intellectual—25 points.
- Keen observation—3 points.
- Practical judgment—3 points.
- Knowledge of Human Nature—3 points.
- Memory—3 points.
- Logic—3 points.
- Alertness—3 points.
- Accuracy—3 points.
- Originality—3 points.
- Sense of Humor—2 points.

Emotional—25 points.
- Honesty—4 points.
- Courage—3 points.
- Fighting ability—3 points.
- Sense of justice—3 points.
- Enthusiasm—2 points.
- Prudence—2 points.
- Optimism—2 points.
- Constancy—2 points.
- Sympathy—2 points.
- Ideals—2 points.

Volitional—25 points.
- Decision—3 points.
- Action—3 points.
- Industry—4 points.
- Perseverence—4 points
- Self-control—3 points.
- Diplomacy—3 points.
- Courtesy—3 points.
- Ambition—3 points.

# Things That Happen in June

*By Alice Lutes*

AH ME! Such warm weather as we are having!" yawned Tree Toad. "I think a little shower would cool the air wonderfully, so I will just climb this little maple tree and make it rain a while."

"Climb a tree! Who ever heard of a toad climbing a tree!" cried a raspy voice, and Uncle Creepy Snake poked his head up out of the grass right behind Tree Toad so suddenly that he almost tumbled backward with fright, for he was terribly afraid of snakes.

"Ho, ho, you little coward!" laughed Creepy Snake. "I wasn't meaning to harm you. I have just had my breakfast. Anyhow, I would rather see a toad climb a tree and make it rain than I would to eat him. So, now, go ahead little boaster."

You see, Uncle Creepy Snake was meaning to catch him the very moment he turned his back in order to climb the tree. But so surprised was he when Tree Toad really began creeping up the slippery bark of the maple tree, that he was too high to be reached before Uncle Creepy Snake suddenly remembered what he had meant to do, which of course made him very angry.

But Tree Toad was so nervous because he could see those angry, fierce eyes watching for him to fall that somehow he just couldn't cling to the tree as usual, and down he came, kersplat, right in front of his enemy. But to his surprise, instead of eating him up, Uncle Creepy Snake gave a sudden leap into the air and began squirming about in circles as if in great pain.

Being a very wise toad, he thought it best to get to a place of safety before trying to find the cause of these queer actions, and so up the tree he went again until he rested on a strong twig. It didn't take long to discover the cause of Creepy Snake's sudden desire to dance, for just the instant he had leaped up out of the grass, a very loud and surprised squawk was heard as Rooster Doodle Do fluttered his wings and ran away.

You see, he had spied just the very tip of Creepy Snake's tail squirming about in the grass and thought it was a worm, and being very hungry he had given it an unusually hard peck.

But Uncle Creepy Snake meant to eat Tree Toad if he had to stay under that maple tree a whole week. So there!

"Tree Toad! Oh, Tree Toad!" he cried in his kindest tones, "Where in the world are you? I can't see you at all."

"To be sure you can't see me now because I am the same color as the tree bark. You see, I was green when I sat on the grass down there. I can turn myself any color I want to, which helps me to escape my enemies."

"Oh, goodness! Do quit making that ugly noise," said Uncle Creepy Snake, squirming about restlessly. I am sure if he had possessed hands he would have held them tightly over his ears, he was so disgusted at Tree Toad's croacking.

Children, have any of you ever examined a snake's head to see if he had ears?

"That 'ugly noise' as you call it, is the way I croak to make it rain," replied Tree Toad, swelling up with pride and croaking louder than ever. "I like to hear folks say, "Listen to the tree toads'. It must be going to rain!"

"Listen to the tree toads! It must be going to rain," said a gay voice under the very maple sapling Tree Toad was in. "There must be one here somewhere. Oh, you cunning, little fellow!" cried the voice. Then Tree Toad felt himself being gently lifted from the twig and carried away between two soft hands.

This made Uncle Creepy Snake very angry indeed. He simply would *not* be cheated out of his fine meal in this way. He would follow the boy who had taken Tree Toad and see where he meant to put him, so he would. But he became so excited that somehow he managed to creep just a little ahead of Little Boy, who gave a scream of fright the minute he spied him, and throwing Tree Toad in the grass at the edge of a running brook near the meadow fence, he climbed over the fence and ran home.

"Goodness! You frightened me!" said a sweet voice over Tree Toad's head. "I was looking at these pretty, yellow flowers in the water, Tree Toad. Come and see them, do."

"Oh, those flowers are not real ones," said Tree Toad, peering down into the clear, sparkling water. "They are just the reflection of your own pretty face, Lady Buttercup."

"Reflections! My, what big words you use, Tree Toad! What are reflections?

But Tree Toad had no time to reply, for the tall grass suddenly parted and out leaped Uncle Creepy Snake, his ugly, red tongue darting in and out in a most dreadful way, frightening Lady Buttercup so much that she swayed from side to side in her efforts to get away.

Quick as a wink, into the water splashed wise, little Tree Toad and swam to the other side of the brook.

"Goodie! Goodie!" buzzed Mr. Bumblebee, flying up out of the grass just then. "Go back to your hole, Uncle Creepy Snake."

And that's all he could do, darting his tongue out at Mr. Bumblebee as he went.

# Three Pioneer Pictures

*By Ivan Clyde Lake*

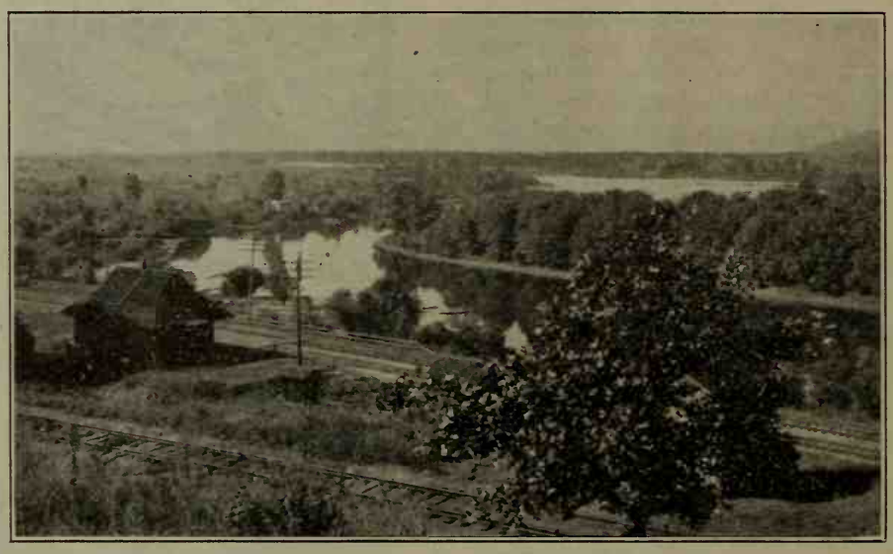
I

AT ONALASKA the Black River curves like a serpent around wooded islets, past peninsular projections. The frowsy foliaged trees merge in reflection in the still water, like an irregular crowding of black clouds. Standing here and there amidst the trees are boat-houses, the habitations of men who have pierced the tiny wilderness and builded them a humble home.

From its mysterious origin in the north the Black River flows downward, circuitous in its wanderings, and goes westward. Beyond it to the northward rise gray-black bluffs, forested as of old, reaching to the blue of the sky.

All is quiet now. Perhaps one lone fisherman ripples the water as he casts his line. The raucous voices that once called in the days of the log-booms are never heard more. The limpid sheet of water is no longer burdened and troubled by the thousands of westward going logs, felled in the northern timberland.

What memories the river holds it will not tell. Only a few pioneers, whose young eyes often looked upon the crowded waters, remain to give of their mnemonic store. Sturdy giants in those days of the 60's walked the booms and with quick eye discovered their employer's logs. Each log had its peculiar mark, a brand cut by a northern axeman; and there might have been thrice an hundred marks of different brands.



View of the Onalaska Portion of the Black River, looking Westward

But the keen eye detected the mark for which it was looking; the log was ducked under the boom into a circular inclosure which held it secure. Then when a sufficient number were got together, a raft was made, and this was sent on to its destination.

It was a bonanza field for the lumber men. Today the grandson of that lumber pioneer buys his limousines, and the granddaughter her fine clothes, out of the pocketbook filled by the timber king. But he who has a more penetrating eye forgets the monetary end; he sees only the mist of romance, dim—but showing here and there a lustrous brightness.

View of the Bluffs from the site of the Garland Home. Mr. Green stands in the Foreground

II

Another pioneer picture rises in the mind. As you go eastward from Onalaska and come to the fork in the road, a half mile or so from the cemetery, if you will turn to your left you will enter the mouth of Green's Coulee. Where the road now curves to the north, set aback in what is today a plowed field, was the old Green home, where Widow Green and her three sons lived.

A half mile up and around a bend in the coulee lived the Garlands—the father and mother, the brother and sister of him whom fame knows as Hamlin Garland, "a son of the middle border", a writer whose pen has won for him security in the halls of the remembered. The story of the Greens and the Garlands is woven together.

Through this coulee the historian may walk and see but a little of the sights the impressionable Hamlin saw. The old buildings are gone; the road, that once wove up hill and down to town, now lies flat for the pleasure of the automobilist; the landscape, once so wooded, once reverberant with the eerie sounds of wild things, is broken and subdued. But there is a lift and a lilt to the ground that man cannot change; and the ancient heads of the bluffs, like the sturdy pioneers still left, hold themselves erect, and face the modern day in sullen patience.

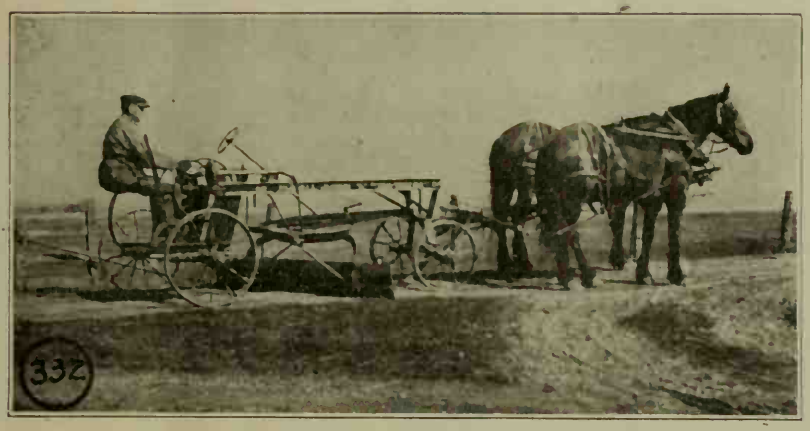
On up the coulee, beyond the site of the Garland homestead, stands an ancient barn that has weathered some fifty-five years. Ed Green himself, who was one of the Widow Green's sons, a

*(Continued on page 42)*

# By Way of the Highway

## A Story of Wisconsin's Patrol System

*By Thelma Roach*



ABOUT this time of the year father gets out his road maps and spends an evening perusing the network of Wisconsin highways. The next morning the entire family is en route for the Dells. The Jones family has heeded the call of the wanderlust.

Now if father was not so intent upon looking for the surprise around the corner perhaps he might wonder who the good magician was that prepared such long sketches of splendid highways for him to travel on.

Of course this is no longer the day of fairy tales and the magician is only the patrolman that works on the state highways. His magic wand consists of a scraper, a planer or perhaps just a shovel. With this equipment he works his magic. After all, it pays better in this day and age to be a patrolman than to be a magician.

Wisconsin has by far the largest patrol maintenance highway mileage of any state in the United States. There are 20,000 miles of well marked highways. Every city and village in the state is on at least one state or county trunk highway.

Wisconsin's idea of road maintenance is to do something with the roads on hand rather than to wait until the whole system can be perfected. For this reason the patrolman system has been adopted.

This system of maintenance and marking, which was started in the spring of 1918, was successful from the outset. Proof of this is shown by the fact that 2,500 miles were added to the original 5,000 miles in 1919. In 1923 another 2,500 miles were added which make a total of 10,000 miles of state trunk highways maintained by the counties under state auspices. In addition to this the counties have adopted a similar system to the one used on the state highways. The county roads have reached a total of 10,000 miles for 1924. The two systems total 20,000 miles, or nearly 13 per cent of all of the rural highways in Wisconsin.

As a general rule the roads lying in each county are divided into sections that range from six to eight miles in length. A section where the motor-grader is used is about thirteen miles long and where the motor truck is used the section is about twenty miles in length.

It is required that the patrolman devote all of his time (ten hours a day) to the maintenance of his section of the road. Each patrolman is obliged to make a daily and monthly report to the county highway commissioner before he receives his salary. It is the individual patrolman that makes for the success or failure of the system. The commission believes in placing the responsibility "*on one man only, the Patrolman.*"

During the war the commission had some difficulty in finding the right type of man to fill the job. This difficulty does not seem to be noticeable at the present time, and the standards are constantly going up. The salary is sufficient to make the job attractive to an energetic man. The commission desires to have the patrolman take such an interest in his work that he will remain on the same section year after year.

As a matter of fact all types of men are attracted to this position. Most of the patrolmen are between the ages of 35 and 55 years. The majority are farmers. They also include professional men, merchants and preachers. Many of them are men who have made a success of their own business—some are fairly well-to-do—and are now trying their hands at something else.

The patrolman starts to work on the highways sometime in April—just in time to anticipate tourists like the Jones family. From that time until December he can be seen scraping and planning his section of the highway.

He is on the job at all times, except during heavy rains and storms, and then he is usually repairing his equipment. A sign, giving the name and address of the patrolman, is placed at the end of each section. This encourages him to take pride in his work.

Motorists tell how, on a certain highway near Milwaukee, the patrolmen struggle to carry on their work. The traffic is so heavy that they find difficulty in dodging the automobiles. One patrolman was forced to place a red flag on his wheelbarrow in order that he might continue his work patching the roads without being run down by the vehicles that passed by in an endless stream.

Conscientious endeavor is usually rewarded honors in some way or other, and the patrolman does not carry on this daily toil without some reward for his efforts. This is how it comes about:

The state is divided into nine divisions, each one of which is composed of six to nine counties. A maintenance superintendent oversees the patrolmen in each county. At the end of each season he gives each of these patrolmen a rating of excellent, good, fair, or poor. Nine cups are presented each year (one for each division) by the *Milwaukee State Journal.* The patrolman having the highest record wins the cup for his county. His name is engraved upon the cup.

Last year Sheboygan county was awarded the prize for having the best maintained roads in the state. A cup was also presented to Brown County, which won the prize in 1920, and Waukesha county winner in 1921, and Eau Claire county in 1922.

# What Wisconsin Does for Its Blind

*By Mary E. McClun*

ELIZABETH MACCARTHY had a real task before her and after one year she has accomplished it in a praiseworthy fashion. As state field agent of the blind, it was her duty to comb the state and to get not only the names of the blind, but to ascertain the extent of their blindness, their living conditions, their home surroundings and their dependencies. Her report to the state board of control convinced the legislature of the need of further help—not charitable aid, except in extreme cases, but help in rehabilitating blind persons by special training to such an extent that they will be capable of employment and become self sustaining.

The result has been that the legislature created the state bureau for the care of the blind, whose scope includes the awarding of pensions, rehabilitating the blind who are mentally and physically able to work, placing of children in schools for the blind, establishing free eye clinics throughout the state, and carrying on welfare work among the blind in general.

Up to January 1, 1923, 2,250 blind persons have been located and helped. Only 838 names were on county aid lists. In order to find the others, Miss MacCarthy and her assistants visited the charitable societies of each town, village, and hamlet and asked for a list of the names of the known blind.

"List, why we have no list," was the usual reply. "There's 'Old man' Brown over on Canal street, and Sam Adams out on Cunningham road, and there's little 'Blindy' Henderson, who lives with his old grandmother just back of the depot."

After much questioning, the full names and addresses were obtained. Then Miss MacCarthy's work began. "Old man" Brown's home—if such if could be called—consisted of a one-story dilapidated shack in the poorest district of the city. Upon reaching it, Miss MacCarthy knocked on the door. Little Anne, aged 8, and dressed in rags, answered the call. When asked where her father was, she replied that he was at work. In an effort to find out something of the home conditions Miss MacCarthy questioned Little Anne further.

"Don't you go to school, Anne?"

"Nope," she replied, "I gotta keep house for my dad."

"Where is your mother?", continued the visitor.

"Don't know. Guess I ain't got none. Dad says I ain't."

**Finishing Room, Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind, Milwaukee**

"Where does your daddy work, dear?" asked Miss MacCarthy, when she felt that Anne was getting over her shyness.

"Over by the depot—he's a beggar," she said lowering her eyes. "There ain't nothin' else he can do. Mr. Hutchinson, at the factory, says he don't hire no blind men."

The little girl was sent to bring her father home. A few minutes later Brown came in. He was a man of about 45 years, gray-haired, slightly bent, and very poorly dressed.

Begging is not an honorable vocation, nor is it profitable. Brown admitted that, but he could not get a job at the factory, and somehow, in some way, he had to earn enough to feed his little girl and himself.

"I never learned a trade when I was young," he said, "and now they won't give me a chance. If I only had a trade —." He stopped—an idea seemed to flit across his mind, but he said nothing.

"How would you like to learn a trade now," asked Miss MacCarthy.

His face brightened up, then took on a troubled look.

"What's the use of learning a trade? The factories won't give a blind man a job anyway."

The field agent then explained that while employers were skeptical at first, the Bureau had already placed 140 blind men in the factories of Wisconsin. Neither did Mr. Brown know that the state maintained a workshop for the blind in Milwaukee in which he might learn a trade.

But, no! he could not go. What was to become of Anne? Arrangements were made to care for her at the State public school at Sparta, and "Old man" Brown gathered together his few belongings and boarded a train to Milwaukee to start life anew or at least with a new aspect and ambition.

What kind of a trade should he learn? Well, there are several kinds of occupations that a blind man can do. There is carpet weaving, chair caning, piano tuning, weaving of baskets, trays, furniture, and willow-basketing. All of these trades are taught at the State school for the Blind at Janesville, but Mr. Brown needed an immediate income and was sent to the workshop at Milwaukee. There they specialize in willow work.

"In order to run a business successfully you have to specialize in a certain line of work," says Oscar Kustermann, superintendent of the workshop. "We have chosen willow work as it is work which has to be done by hand and can not be done by machine. A blind man is able to learn this trade well."

One might think that it would be difficult to sell this product in quantities large enough to pay.

"Shortly after opening this workshop," says Mr. Kustermann, "I issued a catalogue and began a mail order business, which developed to such an extent that 70 percent of our goods are sold through mail orders to wholesale houses, department stores, and hardware stores all over the country. At present we have orders on file for over 25,000 baskets for immediate delivery.

"All our goods are sold on their merit, which proves that if the work is properly supervised and the men learn their trade well, they can manufacture goods of good quality and equal to those manufactured by seeing people. Goods can not be sold on a charity basis, as the buyers look for quality and price before purchasing."

Merchandise sold during 1919 to 1920 amounted to $29,674.42. Wages paid to blind workmen during this period

amounted to $10,319.29. The latter amount is the difference between the selling price and the cost of the material, plus freight, cartage, and packing material.

Soon after becoming settled in Milwaukee, Mr. Brown started to learn to weave baskets. He was an apt pupil and learned quickly. The state allowed him $75 to tide him over while he was learning.

"It is just as Helen Keller says," said Mr. Brown, "'The heaviest burden is not blindness but idleness.' Since coming to the workshop I have something to occupy my mind, and further than that, I feel that I am earning an honest living and can therefore hold up my head as high as any man."

What had become of little Anne?

"She writes to me regularly and reports that she is already in third grade," said her father smilingly.

The story of Mr. Brown and little Anne is only one of many similar cases in which the bureau has added a little happiness where only gloom prevailed before. But why should we allow such conditions to develop? Oculists agree that nearly all blindness is preventable. The state, therefore, decided upon the establishment of a series of free eye clinics, under the direction of Dr. G. I. Hogue. Free eye clinics have been held in six counties since the work was launched in September, 1922. The total number examined is 1223, of which 405 were adults and 818 were children. Out of this number 352 adults and 600 children were found to have defective vision.

A statute has been in effect for some time which permits the county board to give some relief to blind persons. Previous to the establishment of the bureau, this relief was given without system and therefore was unfair to both the blind and the state. Under the bureau's administration, aid has been more widely distributed, and money has been given to those who deserve it and less or none to the undeserving.

Sam Adams, it was found was not receiving enough to feed himself properly. He was old, and unable to work, and his pension was therefore increased.

Little "Blindy" Parson was a boy of 8 years. His father was dead and his mother took in washing to feed her three boys and herself. "Blindy," the oldest, had started to school, but was forced to drop out because of his handicap. His mother had heard of the Wisconsin School for the Blind at Janesville, but did not know whom to see in order to have her boy sent there. After Miss MacCarthy told her about the school, she readily consented to allow him to go.

Instruction can be obtained at the school in all of the grades from kindergarten up to high school. In addition, trades are taught, such as piano and pipe organ, weaving, vocal, tuning, basketry, and the making of brooms.

Not only children attend this school, but adults as well. A graduate tuner of the school attended last summer to obtain a knowledge of the piano player action. He reported recently that he had been able to earn from $75 to $100 extra within three months from the time he finished his course because of his knowledge of the player action.

Another adult student somewhat advanced in years was admitted to the summer school with a good deal of misapprehension as to what results could be accomplished. His son-in-law commented later that his father-in-law was a changed man. Before he went to school, he was discouraged, morose, and very dependent. Since his return he has been independent, does his part in the household, uses his typewriter constantly and writes to his friends with whom he has not corresponded in nearly twenty years.

Through these institutions, Wisconsin is doing a great good. Blind adults become self supporting; blind children become educated and learn trades; and the helpless receive aid with a more systematic and scientific distribution.

"Old man" Brown says he is glad he decided, so many years ago, to settle in a state like Wisconsin that looks after her people so well.

Basket-Weaving, Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind, Milwaukee

## WISCONSIN

Where the grey dawn breaks
O'er the sleeping lakes,
In the depths of the northern pines
Where the wild duck skims,
And the muskie swims,
And the crystal water shines.

Where foliaged ranks
Fringe the grassy banks
Of the lakes, each one a gem
In a garland green
Of wondrous sheen—
A glorious diadem.

As it filters between the trees
Whose branches sway
Where the sunlight pales
On the winding trails
To the breezes' play
Of Nature's symphonies.

Where the timid deer
Display no fear
As they stand on the mossy brink
Of a rippling stream
In the sunset gleam
And arch their necks to drink.

Where the rapids roar
And the cascades pour
Down the rugged cliff's steep side,
And the rivers flow
Serene and slow
Where the valleys open wide.

Where the vision thrills
On the rolling hills
Aflame in their autumn glow,
And the meadows glint
With a rainbow tint
Where myriad wild-flowers grow.

Where Nature's hand
Has blessed the land
With bounteous gifts and great.
You'll find elsewhere
No place more fair
Than the good old Badger State.

—Frank Matteson Bostwick
Commodore, U. S. Navy,
(Retired).

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Celtic Wonder Tales, Re-told by Ella Young, with illustrations by Maud Gonne (E. P. Dutton). More folk-lore, this time the poetic legends of Ireland, with their mystical glamor, gentle humor, and beautiful imagery. The fantastic pen sketches add to the charm of the book.

# Meet Miss Wisconsin, The Athlete!

*By Helen J. Baldauf*

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the G-I-R-L-S are marching! Cheer up, co-eds, you will come—

Out of the women's gymnasium at the University of Wisconsin with 1. A healthier body 2. A happier mind 3. A fresh supply of pep 4. More fire for class room battles.

Mention the Wisconsin woman and immediately mental imagery reflects a tea table hostess, a queen of some promenade or Military Ball, a Theda Bara, a clinging vine in full bloom, or a "grind" attired in horn rimmed spectacles and armed with a brief case and a breast plate of scholastic honor pins. But meet Miss Wisconsin, the athlete, and allow me to present her in her atmosphere.

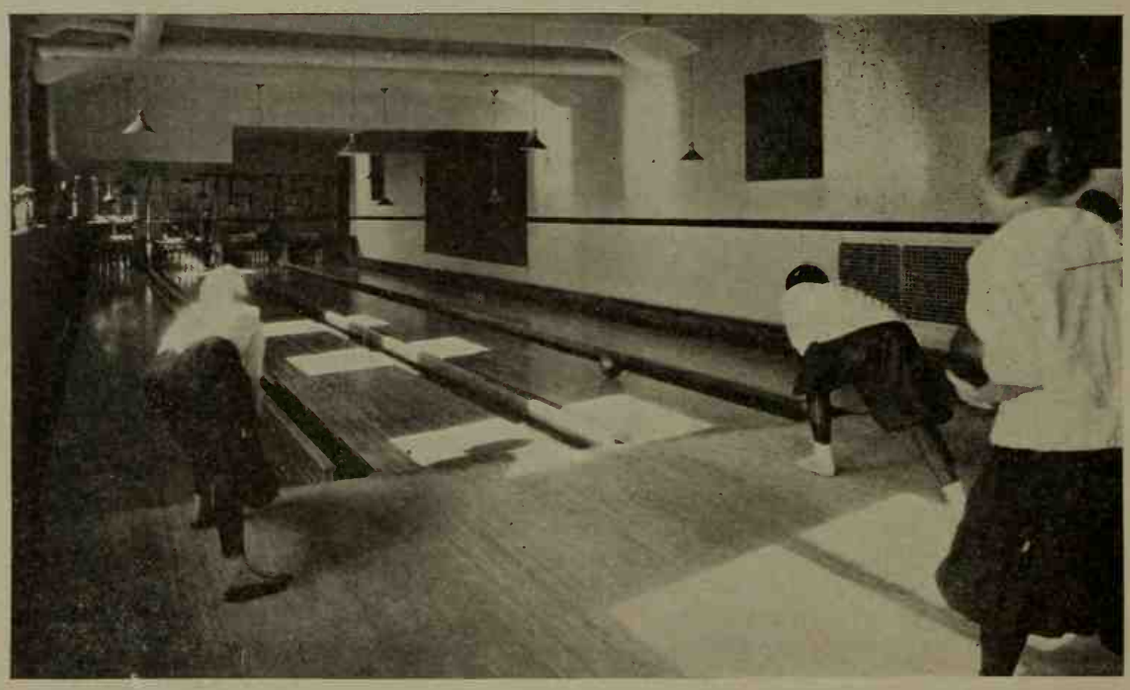
If the first co-ed who came to the University of Wisconsin in 1864, with her hoop skirts and her long coiled locks, could catch a glimpse of her tom-boy ancestor, knickered, with a shingle-bob for further convenience, we wonder—would she view her critically with reprimand and disgust, or would she secretly rejoice at the broken shackles of convention and restraint.

Fifteen hundred strong are ready to defend compulsory education for college women, for this number are enrolled in the regular gymnasium classes and in various sports at Wisconsin. The two year "gym" requirement is considered more of a privilege than a rule, and to spend four thirty minute periods a week in athletics is a treat. Such is the reaction of the co-ed proper to the regulation classes consisting of "setting up" exercises, marching, posture improvements, and games.

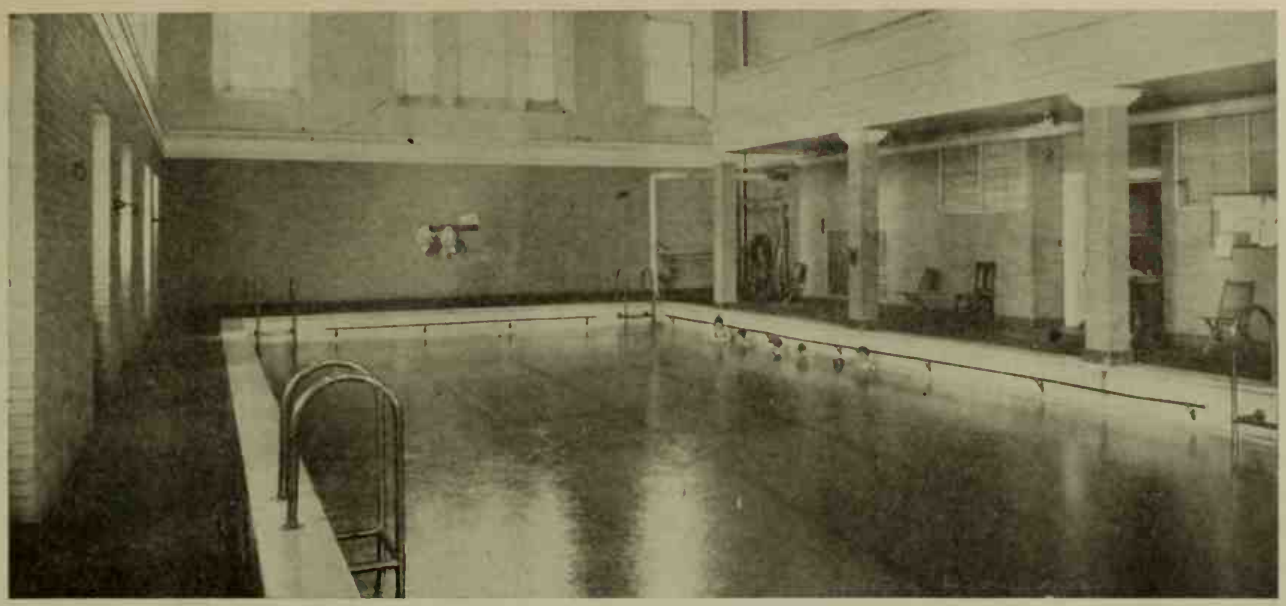
Thorough medical and physical examinations are given to every co-ed upon her registration in the university. Physical examinations are repeated the second year. Posture, endurance, and weight tests are made from time to time, and a careful record kept in order that steady improvement may be attained. The posture work of the department is particularly commendable, for by means of posture tracings, a woman is shown exactly how she fails to carry herself correctly and is continually aided in perfecting her erectness. Walking gym and rest gym are prescribed in cases where under weight or general health conditions forbid the more strenuous gym work. The corrective gym department conducts special classes, where slight deformities, poor posture, and foot troubles are adjusted through exercises arranged by specialists. Each fall a lecture series on hygeia teaches the woman how to keep her body healthy and efficient.

The real treat in connection with the gym work is that two of the four weekly periods during the spring, winter, and fall terms are devoted to various types of sports in keeping with the seasons. Each woman may elect her choice in sports, and a variety of sport classes are open in different fields. Hockey is most popular for the fall, bowling for winter, and tennis and swimming tie in the springtime. Indoor baseball, outdoor baseball in warm weather, volleyball, basket ball, interpretive dancing, archery, and rifle shooting classes have large registrations. Horseback and golf, recently added to the routine sports, show splendid patronage.

Because college is a preparatory school where a student learns how to help himself, the compulsory swimming test has been added to the two-year requirement. In addition to the adequate gymnasium facilities with complete apparatus equipment, the varsity tennis courts, Camp Randall, the home of the sports, the Wisconsin woman has her own swimming tank at her disposal. Before an O. K. gymnasium record is given, each student must pass a swimming test, that is, swim once around the tank with any stroke in good form. Swimming instructions are open to those who desire them. The swimming test is based on the first aid idea, enabling a girl to be prepared to help herself, should the occasion demand, says Mary Brownell, instructor in swimming.



Due recognition is given the woman athlete at Wisconsin. Squads and teams in the leading sports are chosen by the instructors in charge and foster friendly rivalry. On the annual Field Day each spring, a woman's track meet is featured. There is the annual inter-sorority riding contest and the yearly "Dance Drama", one of the most festive of the



Swimming Pool, Girls' Gymnasium, University of Wisconsin.

open-air traditions at Wisconsin. A series of thirty games played in the inter-sorority bowling schedule this winter, resulted in Alpha Omicron Pi having the highest team average ever bowled here in inter-sorority races, that of 768. The keen competition and the hearty backing in all these events are illustrative of the genuine co-operation and enthusiasm of the entire body of women. Through the point system, each athletic honor is properly scored. It is a singular mark of distinction to wear the cardinal "W" awarded for a certain number of points, and proud indeed are those lucky young ladies who can strut about with their class numerals.

Five women's organizations on the campus held to promote interest in athletics apart from curricular work in gymnasium. The Women's Athletic Association, known as W. A. A., sponsors the work of the other four, more specialized in their aims. A prerequisite number of points is needed for membership. W. A. A. awards pins, small and large "W's", and final emblems to seniors elected on the basis of athletic achievement, scholarship, spirit, womanliness, and service.

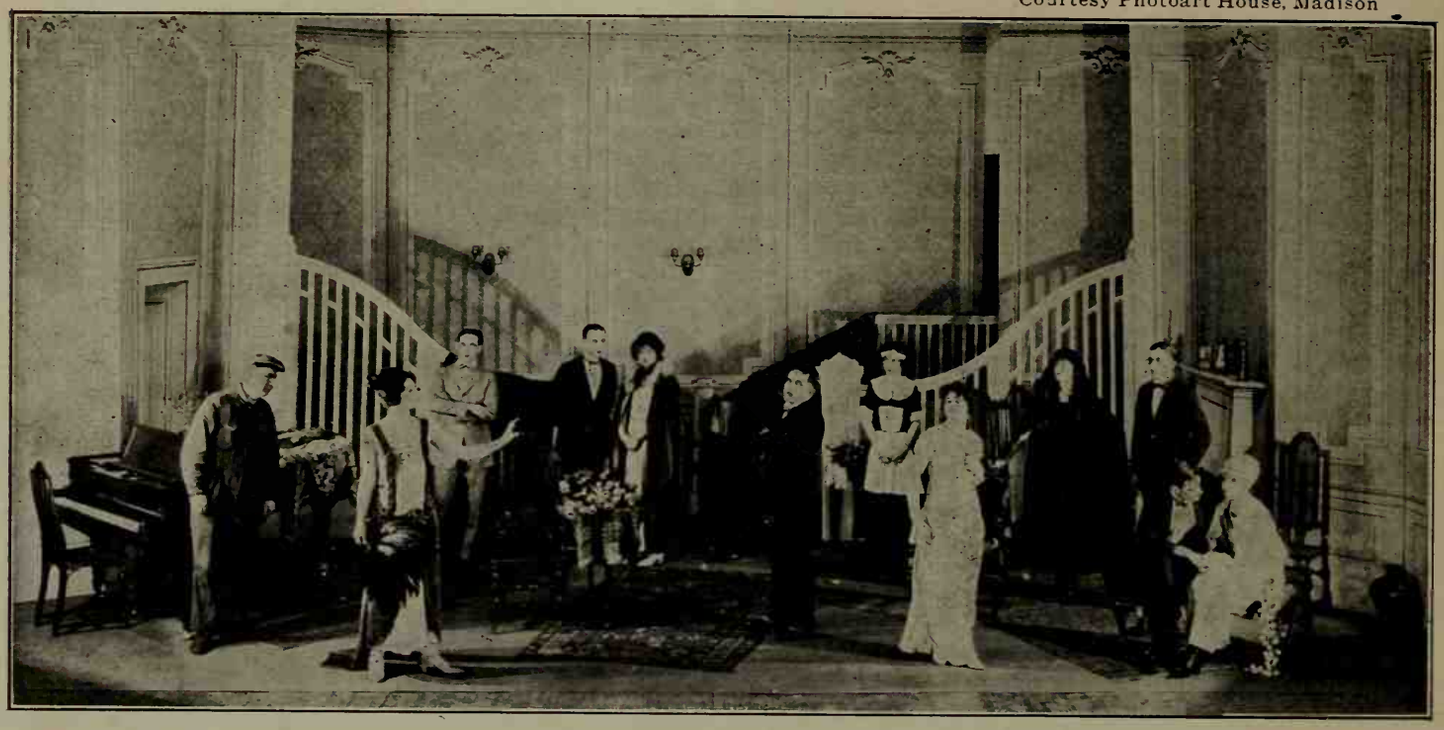
The Physical Education club, open only to majors and minors in the department, fosters friendship among these women interested in a common vocation. Orchesus is a dancing club founded four years ago. Members interpret music, poetry, or short stories, according to their own responses. Interest in swimming is stimulated through Dolphin club and its semi-annual exhibitions. Outing club was organized in 1917 by girls interested in sports not organized under W. A. A. or the physical education department, such as bicycling, skiing, roller skating, and coasting. Each club plans its hikes, riding parties, and picnics, as well as its business sessions.

No, the Wisconsin woman is not a "rough neck" as a result of her "daily dozen". Rather, she is a better companion, a haler, healthier, and happier chum for men, a more wide awake, alert student, a finer woman.

Secret! Sh! Much, yes most, of the finished poise, the charm and the grace of the Wisconsin woman, is directly accounted for, not by a thorough digest of Emily Post, but rather through her activity in physical education carrying along her physical and mental education side by side, each the more effective through her pursuance of the other.

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his occupations. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits of neither distribution nor review.—Hugo.

Courtesy Photoart House, Madison



# The Wisconsin University Players

## Effective Work in Dramatics Accomplished by University Organization

*By Catherine Wilson*

"CONGRATULATIONS! I've been out front, and the gallery gods are weeping real salt tears," said the business manager coming into the dressing rooms between the second and third acts.

"Success!" cried an enthusiastic young voice from a wrinkled greyhaired woman of sixty. "Sure, an' they'll be weepin' the more before the avenin' is done," she continued in an older, mellower voice with a very good Irish accent.

There was a soft rap at the door, "Curtain call," said the stage manager. The calm excitement of a moment before became a little flurried.

"Be sure not to drop me in the last scene, Hugh, because even if I am supposed to be dying, I still have some feelings!"

The laughter is soft, and the young actors swiftly assume the characteristics of the people they are to play. The curtain goes up, they are on stage, their voices clear and distinct drift out into the wings interrupted now and then by the heavy laughter of the audience. "Those amber lights were a stroke of genius, Sid," whispers the stage manager, "They give just the right effect."

"It's a good audience tonight. They got that line about the paper," murmurs the director—"Is the mob ready?"

"Ready," answer the three peaceful looking individuals who represent that violent body. This was the almost silent drama "back stage" during the presentation of St. John Ervine's colorful Irish tragedy, "Mixed Marriage." There is none of the noise and confusion that one associates with an amateur performance, the harassed rushing about, hunting for props that are not there, the last minute improvising of new "business" because the property man was unable to find a horn, or a bell, or a wheel chair. Everything is done, and done right, the sets are perfect, the "props" complete, the prompter is in his place, the cast are trained and sure of themselves. The play is presented in a most professional atmosphere.

The University Players is a comparatively new organization at the University of Wisconsin. For many years there were three dramatic clubs, two for women and one for men. They each gave a program every year; the men borrowed talent from the girls' club for their feminine parts, and the girls borrowed talent from the men's club for their male parts,—and they got on rather well, and did some very interesting things.

Then someone conceived the brilliant plan of amalgamating the three clubs, and forming a single dramatic organization, thus doing away with the triple expenditure of energy in mere mechanics of organization and the difficulties of "getting together" on things. A single dramatic club would be a more efficient working machine, and afford a supply of talent large enough to make possible its serving itself in other capacities than that of acting; such as production, costuming, directing, setting, and even playwriting. The proposition was considered separately by the three clubs, and found satisfactory, and thus the Wisconsin University Players came into being.

The aim of the club is to further everything that is worth while in dramatics. It gives four public performances yearly; a fall play, the "prom" play, a guest night performance, for invited guests of some dramatic discrimination, and "comedy night" in the spring.

They also determined to bring to Madison whenever the opportunity presented itself people of recognized dramatic ability. They have held rigorously to their schedule. Some of their productions and programs have been financially successful and others have not, but this is not the first consideration of the club. They have presented the best play possible in the best way possible, and have found ample gratification in the enjoyment of their audience. It is interesting to note, however, that, following their slogan of furthering the worthwhile in dramatics, they have remained throughout the year in very good financial conditions. "We're so rich that we can afford to do something really highbrow now and then for the few and far between who want good things," said one of the members.

This year in the early fall they presented St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," a drama of Irish life, the set for

which, designed by Miss Gertrude Johnson of the Speech Department, was excellent, and the production as a whole was a great success.

The Prom play was the "Torch Bearers" by George Kelley, whose new play, the "Show Off," is one of the most popular Broadway successes. The "Torch Bearers," had a capacity house for three performances. "Alice Sit By the Fire" pleased the critical audience that witnessed it on guest night. The Players ended their season with "The Crimson Cocoanut," "The Trysting Place" and "The Constant Lover" on comedy night.

Its public performances are by no means the club's only dramatic efforts, however. The members meet regularly twice a month, and after a short business meeting the club adjourns to the program. It semes inexpedient to try to have a play coached to act for each of these meetings, so the club decided to use the library reading method of presentation.

Each program is in charge of some active member of the club as coach. The coach is given a play which he casts either from the other active members or from what is known as probationers. The probationers are the lucky few who are chosen from the ambitious two hundred or thereabouts who try out, and whom the "Tryout Committee" think have talent deserving of consideration. The coach trains the readers and on the night of the presentation takes charge of the program, introduces the readers, and explains the stage business when necessary, because in a library reading the players do not move about, but remain seated and project the characters through facial expression and gestures. In this way players are able to work on a great many more plays than they would be able to if they gave only straight dramatic productions. The program is open to visitors, and the number of people who take advantage of these programs has convinced the club of the real interest that exists in its work.

Last winter William Tannewitz, a member of the Club wrote a play which he entitled "The Matter of Choice." The play was presented for the club in the usual way, and the members considered it very good. It was later acted publicly and the audience confirmed the opinion of the Players.

It is interesting to see the number of people who have gone on from university dramatics, to professional dramatics. Agnes Samuels, under the stage name of Katherine Mulholland, has been playing with a Theater Guild company under the direction of Basil Sydney. Fred Bickel, now Frederic March, has been playing on Broadway in "Zeno." Kay Stratz, after several seasons in stock under Mr. Stuart Walker, appeared this winter in Pirandello's "The Living Mask." Mildred Miller had a good part in Zona Gale's play, "Mr. Pitt." Christine Affeld is with the Sothern & Marlowe Shakespeare Repertoire Company. Mavis Chubb after a year abroad is back at work in New York and Esther Guerrini, having graduated from a special dramatic school, is doing stock work in New York.

Ralph Scheinpflug, now Ralph Macbane, who was an active member of the Players last year, returned to Madison this spring after a season on Broadway. Mr. Macbane played in Pirandello's "The Living Mask," and Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee."

The work of these graduates has been splendid; they can well be added to the long list of groups which demonstrate so ably that the name amateur does not necessarily entitle an organization to be disdained.

The University would not be doing its duty were it to ignore the place of dramatics in its curriculum and it is to be complimented on having an organization that so excellently maintains the interest of students in dramatics.

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## BRUNO ERTZ

*(Continued from page 5)*

If you should ever seek for Bruno Ertz, look for a tall man, erect in stature and well built. His hair is of a light brown, close-cropped, while his eyes are blue, set deep underneath a high, broad forehead. With tanned, weather beaten cheeks, a long nose, slightly blunted, and thin, firm lips, his is a strong, not easily forgotten face.

### Easy to Recognize

He is a man easy to recognize in a crowd, and yet, to all indications, he is not well known in Manitowoc. Go to a hotel in that city, ask the clerk behind the desk to give you a description of Bruno Ertz, and the reply you get will be: "Don't know him. Is he registered here?" The point is that there seems to be a declining interest in art and artists. Ertz himself will tell you this, not in a complaining spirit, but as an amusing comment upon life in general. "Queer, isn't it, that the finest things in life are the things which we can obtain for least money?" he asks. "And yet the number of persons who take advantage of this are few, and are becoming fewer every year. One can obtain a good seat at a fine concert for very little—can read the finest literature in the world without expending a cent, and can view the paintings of the masters as they hang in the art galleries without paying

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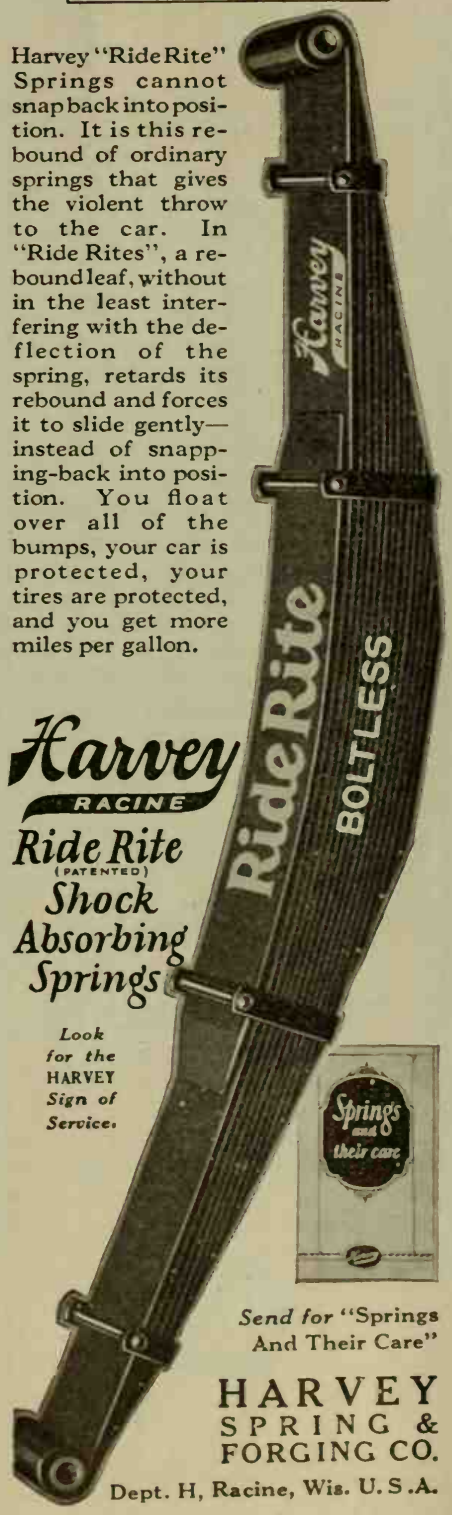


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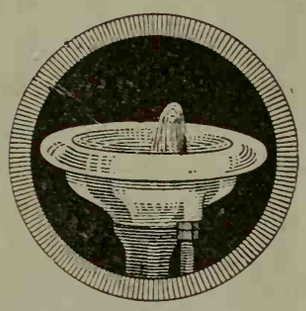

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for admission, yet all these things are largely neglected. A friend of mine once said that an art gallery is like a tomb—it is seldom visited and then only to pay respect to the dead. I think the reason for all this is that the interest in the home has changed and is still changing. The advent of the automobile, the movies, and increased facilities for amusement, have almost killed the interest in the home, and through this, in the cultural things. The world is really amusement-mad." But Bruno Ertz did not say this as a protest, in fact he was smiling as he spoke. It is typical of the man. Sympathetic with all men of sincere principles, even though those prinliples be opposed to his own, he never complains. But speak of the devastation of our natural forests, of the pollution of our rivers and the destruction of our wild life, and you will see him change from a kindly, even-tempered man to an indignant and wrathful one.

### Means Destruction

"Civilization, it seems, means destruction," he will tell you. "It means a temporary gain; and a permanent ruin. The wantonness with which our forests have been squandered, our rivers poisoned, and our game slaughtered calls to heaven for vengeance. As a people we have been criminally spendthrift. Why, for instance, will men of the towns kill animals and birds? The savage is justified —to him they mean food. But the city dweller who spends his vacation in a hunt for animals and birds to squander has not that justification. Animals and birds should be left alone to live as God made them to live, in the natural haunts which God made for them to dwell in. Neither the beast nor the shelter should be wiped away on a pretence of sport or profit. A genuine interest in wild life means a broader interest in human life. The man who studies the habits of the birds and the beasts, the insects and fishes, will derive much pleasure therefrom, and will himself become a better man. For such a study draws a man out of himself—keeps him from becoming narrow, and short-visioned. It teaches him, too, the natural law which underlies all things; the beauty which underlies the ugliness, the universal joy under sorrow, the order beneath the chaos."

—Manitowoc Herald News.

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## THE NORRIS FARM

*(Continued from page 8)*

and barns with running water. Pipe lines have been laid and hydrants appear at convenient points. Hose reels carrying three-inch fire hose complete the fire department of the Farm. According to Mr. Schroeder there is enough pressure in the tank to throw a stream of water completely over any of the buildings on the Farm.

The farm buildings are modern in every respect. The basements are of concrete faced with buff colored stucco, and the trimmings are a dark green. The immense cattle barn, beautifully finished inside as well as outside, has in the basement steel stanchions enough to take care of about fifty cows. In another part of the basement are a dozen or more calf pens. One of the older barns is to be rebuilt this year and will serve exclusively as a calf barn. A farm boy who has taken short course work at the University will have charge of the young animals in the new barn.

There are about 800 apple trees on the Farm. Most of the fruit is used right there, some is sold to neighbors and visitors, and a small amount is transported to Milwaukee market. Cider is made every Friday during the season at the Farm mill, and each Friday brings in the countryside farmers with their own apples to be pressed into cider.

Another month will see the completion of a good sized creamery where all the surplus milk and cream will be made into butter and cheese. During the summer these products, as well as fresh garden stuff, eggs, and fruit, will be sent daily to the near-by summer resort region on the lakes. Arrangements have been made to supply the Y. M. C. A. camp at Phantom lake, the Chicago Boston Store resort at Lake Beulah, and other organizations which maintain summer colonies on the lakes. This lake region makes a better and nearer market than Milwaukee.

An inquiry was made as to the religious training at the Farm. "Our teachings are protestant," said Mr. Coggeshall, "and for that reason we like to take only protestant boys. It has been our experience in dealing with boys of Jewish faith, for example, that an attempt to give them a certain amount of our teachings results in their being not much of anything."

On Sunday morning there is Sunday school conducted by the boys themselves. In the evening there may be a short church service at the Farm. More often, those who wish to go are taken to church at a neighboring town. Mr. Schroeder stated that although the lads are not compelled to go, there is always a large turnout for Sunday evening church. Usually, by previous arrangement, the services are conducted by those who attend from the Farm. "When we have services here on the place," said Mr. Schroeder, "we expect all the boys to be present. We make it as interesting as possible; the service isn't long,—perhaps a half hour,—and it isn't tiresome."

"At breakfast time," Mr. Schroeder

continued, " the boys repeat the Lord's Prayer, and at the other two meals each boy has his turn in returning thanks, one boy at each meal. Down there," he indicated the smaller cottage where the youngest boys live, "the boys say their prayers before going to bed. Up here we do not ask them to. If they want to, they go ahead and do it; if not, nothing whatever is said."

The old and one-time approved idea of close observance of the Sabbath is not adhered to at the Farm. The boys romp around, play games, go swimming, or do as they wish. "Our theory," said Mr. Schroeder, "is that we can teach the boys religion through playing and working much more effectively than by insisting upon absolute restraint on Sundays. When the boys leave here, we don't want any one of them to say, 'That stuff was crammed down my throat until I'm sick of it."

The Norris Farm is distinctly different from any other boys' camp in that it is privately financed, and takes only boys who have been in some kind of trouble at home.

Visitors are always given courteous attention at the Farm. Most of those who come are parents or relatives of the boys. "In the summer time," Mr. Schroeder explained, "we try to get all our work done in the morning so that we may have the afternoons just to show people around."

Certainly Mr. Norris deserves the utmost commendation for the splendid work he is doing. I believe that nowhere can be found a man who is spending his time, energy, and money for a more unselfish purpose.

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## NASHOTAH MISSION

*(Continued from page 21)*

services within a radius of five to twenty miles.

During the starvation period referred to, at the end of the winter, the fare was actually reduced to coarse bran bread, a thin soup made from the bones and rinds of the pork barrel, tea without sugar or milk and later nothing but cold water to drink. At this juncture guests from a distance appeared on the grounds. Potatoes were secured and the President ordered the slaughter of the one remaining setting hen. The poor fowl led them a merry chase but was finally brought down by the Indian students with bows and arrows, and in due time appeared on the table as a stew, served, of course, only to the guests. Unfortunately, Nick, the cook, was so flustrated by the excitement of having guests that he upset the pepper box into the stew, and the hen


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was so tough that teeth made no impression on it. It is pleasant to add, however, that the guests learned the true nature of their predicament and on their return home sent groceries and money to relieve the distress.

Often chased by wolves they held such escapes as merely added to the adventure of life, and long hikes after cranberries resulted not only in cranberries but also in couplets such as the following:—

"Encased in cowhide boots, called stogies
We scared the snakes called Massasogoeys."

There were pets, of course, at the Mission, one of which was a black cat called Nig, of huge proportions and great intelligence, who always attended Chapel when the Bishop was present, but never at any other time. He was killed by a Dutchman for his skin and his death was such a loss to the community that every student contributed a stanza to a poem, called, not doggerel, but catterell. Of the thirty odd stanzas composed, two have been rescued from oblivion. To the uninitiated it may be well to point out the pun in the first line on the name of Dr. Pusey, a celebrated Church of England clergyman held in great honor at Nashotah.

"Old Nig he was a Pussey-ite
And fond of cat-echising
And the way he brought the gophers up
Was certainly surprising."

"Old Nig is gone, that good old cat
Not gone to Purgatory
But gone where all good cats do go
He's gone to Category."

Even the theological professor sought refuge in poetry to vent his wrath on the chairman of the Gardening Committee, who insisted on growing dahlias instead of cabbages.

The humble structures of the early days at Nashotah have given way to a group of stone buildings of remarkably good architecturally, leaving unimpaired the natural beauty of the place. Her sons, like St. Boniface, are working in lands far distant, the present diocesan of Japan being an honored and beloved alumnus. Attracted by the learning of her distinguished faculty young men from Newfoundland, Labrador, and Canada, from the West Indies, and from the farthest states in the Union come to study at this institution, one of the outstanding seminaries of the Episcopal Church, and one that has steadily upheld the lofty purposes, missionary zeal, and high scholastic ideals of its founders.

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The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it.—Moliére.

## THE TRAVELING CLINIC

*(Continued from page 25)*

Ozaukee, La Crosse and Washington counties, while Dane county has one every two months. The state association is now conducting in the Milwaukee Vocational School, which has an enrollment of 8,000 students, a free chest clinic, which comprises one of the most extensive studies in the country made among boy and girl workers about to enter industry permanently.

*The penny Christmas Seal finances practically the entire health program of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, of which the clinics are but one phase.* Local organizations help to bear the expense in the communities visited by the Free Chest Clinic, but the major part of the cost is borne by the state association.

To the Traveling Free Chest Clinic, Wisconsin's modern Health Show, goes the credit for arousing throughout the state a new interest in building health and in preventing disease, which means much for the future welfare and happiness of the state at large and its individual citizens.

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## THREE PIONEER PICTURES

*(Continued from page 32)*

schoolmate and playmate of Hamlin Garland's, and a mighty axeman, helped to cut the timber for this barn. On the gray upright posts there are still visible the "scores" made by the axes. It stands, the only visible remembrancer of pioneer days in the coulee.

III

Ed Green who, though in his seventieth year is yet somehow young, is spoken of by Hamlin Garland thus: "He was mighty with the axe. His deeds as a railsplitter rivalled those of Lincoln. The number of cords of wood he could split in a single day was beyond belief. It was either seven or eleven, I forget which." Two stories are told by Mr. Green to bear out the truth of these words.

To the east of the site of the Garland home rose knolls and bluffs, thickly wooded in those early days. The sing of the axe was often heard in the forest. One morning the elder Garland had split 150 rails; but business took him to Onalaska in the afternoon. He hired Ed Green to continue the splitting. When at dusk he returned, he said to Ed:

"Well, my boy, how many rails did you get split?"

"Two hundred and fifty," Ed answered.

"Now, now, see here," said Garland, bit angry, "you needn't say that. Why, if you've split twenty-five you've done well. I don't like to have a boy lie to me."

Ed said nothing, but he felt deeply injured. The next morning Mr. Garland went to the knoll (plainly visible from the house) and counted the rails. Ed Green had told the truth!

"Belle," Garland said to his wife on returning, "who helped Ed yesterday?"

"Why, nobody, Dick," she answered. "Every time I looked up I could see him working there. He was alone."

"Well that beats me," declared Mr. Garland. "That's the best I ever heard. Abe Lincoln couldn't do that himself."

Green was only fourteen at that time, but he was a strapping fellow, tipping the scale at 180 pounds.

The tops of the trees were used for stove wood. A great number of these had been hauled to the Garland yard, to be split in proper length and sizes. Ed Green was at the axe. Hamlin Garland, then about eight years old, and his junior brother Franklin, were to throw the wood into a neat pile, after it had been cut. But the mighty axeman split the poplar faster than the boys could pile it. Wood was rapidly spreading over all the yard.

When the elder Garland returned to the house that noon, he said, looking on the scattered wood:

"Why, what's the matter, Hamlin? Hamlin began to cry.

"We can't keep up with Ed," he said, in a tremulous voice, "he goes too fast."

Slapping his sides in laughter Mr. Garland said:

"By golly, I guess Ed Green would cover us up with wood if we'd let him."

And he forthwith began to help the boys till dinner call.

Mr. Green expresses one regret apropos of his wood-cutting days. "I wanted to split all one day for twelve hours," he recalls, "but Mr. Garland wouldn't let me. I bet I could have split twenty cords."

This conjecture no doubt would have proved true in the light of another wood-cutting exploit.

"Once," Mr. Green says, "I felled enough timber and cut it and split it to make two cords of wood—in one hour."

IV

So the days of superhuman deeds are past. Brawn was the prime determiner of manhood in those days; but coupled with brawn was keen brain. Standing erectly to six feet Mr. Green typifies that sturdy manhood of the pioneer—that manhood that was tested on every side, and did not fail. There was somewhat the vastness of Nature in the soul of the pioneer; somewhat the strength of the high-reaching hills in his heart; and with heroic resolution he faced the stubborn wilderness and made it yield to him not only food, but a might of arm and brain unsurpassed.

Simplicity was his, and rudeness. But he made and marked an era of strength such as the present generation, as it is, can never do.

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## FILTERING CAMP WATER

*By F. H. Sweet*

WATER-FILTERS are seldom included in camp equipment, yet there are times when they are useful; for a heavy rain will quickly make the water of mountain streams muddy, and boiling will not clear it. A lantern chimney, if you happen to have one, makes a good filter. It should first be thoroughly washed, of course; then one end is covered with three thicknesses of cheese-cloth, tied tightly around the groove in the glass; the chimney is filled with clean, fine sand, and one thickness of cheese-cloth is tied over the top.

If you have a permanent camp near the stream, you can often filter muddy water by digging a hole in the sand of some convenient bar, or, if the bank is low enough, in that. The hole ought to be about ten feet away from the stream and, say, three feet square. Let it extend below the surface of the river as much over two feet as the maker has energy for—the deeper the better. The bottom and sides should be lined with stones and a frame covered with mosquito - netting should be made to fit over the mouth.

Of course, if the stream has been contaminated by sewage, it should under no circumstances be used as a source for drinking water, even when filtered by this device.

Do not forget to dig a trench round your tent as soon as you have pitched it. The object of the trench is to keep the floor of the tent dry when it storms. If you put off attending to it, you may have to get up some time in the night and do the work in the rain.—*American Forests.*

---

**In the Path of the Tradewinds**, by Cora Wells Thorpe (Putnam). Legends of Hawaii. Carefully and artistically the author has re-strung some of the most beautiful legends of these South Sea islands, charming, quaint, and permeated with the romantic, exotic atmosphere of a people who, though our first colonial possession, yet are strangers to us because of our Anglo-Saxon traditions.

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ONE of the most interesting accounts of early life among Wisconsin Indians is contained in a book of reminiscences written by Benjamin G. Armstrong in 1892.

Among others, he tells the following story, which we retail here because of its universally human application:

Quite early in the forties, I think it was in '43, there lived on the banks of Fish Creek, a small stream which empties into the head of Chequamegon Bay, near the present city of Ashland, Wis., an Indian named Da-cose and his wife. They were childless and lived apart from the Chippewa tribe, to which he belonged, by reason of his eccentric nature. He was a lazy, indolent and selfish man and at Fish Creek game was plentiful and a greater quantity and a greater variety could be more easily obtained than in any other section of country that he knew of.

In case of an invasion by the warlike Sioux he would temporarily move his abode and join the tribe and would remain among them until the battle had been fought or the scare was over when he would invariably return to Fish Creek which for many years had been their permanent home.

I knew this family very well. The old man was lazy and improvident throughout his whole disposition and was one of that class of people whom we often meet that seem to think the world owes them a living whether they strive for it or not. His wife, on the contrary, was of directly the opposite nature. She was a hard worker, always busy and industrious. She tended the fish nets, set and attended the snares and traps for larger game and fur bearing animals, and in fact was a whole family in herself, and as is the nature of such people she often complained to the old man of his selfish nature and reminded him that only for her care and watchfulness for their welfare they would have nothing to eat or wear, and as the old man believed his ways were right and that it was folly and useless to fret about the future, and from the fact that a wife among the Indians was only expected to be seen and not heard, he never took kindly to her advisory way of making remarks to him and these differences in their general makeup led frequently to hot words and petty quarrels, though I never knew that the old man ever allowed himself to chastise his wife for her interference with his superior position in the family, but it was an almost daily occurrence for him to chide her for her fretfulness and to him her uncongenial disposition. He was always satisfied with his lot and what they had to eat, be it little or much, and as a matter of course thought she ought to be. He would shoot what ducks, geese and other game came handy or providentially his way and trust to luck or the old lady to do the rest.

One morning as the old lady was passing out of the creek to her nets she espied a moose plunging into the water from the southeast shore of the bay, closely followed by a pack of wolves and she knew the moose had only one way of escape from his howling pursuers, which was to swim to the opposite shore, some three miles away, as he could not land in the swampy ground around Fish Creek. The point where he entered the water was not far from the present location of the Keystone Lumber Company's saw mill. As she would have plenty of time she hastened back to the lodge to inform her liege-lord of the circumstances and request that he make ready and accompany her and assist in capturing the moose while he was yet in deep water and unable to defend himself against their attack from the canoe, and she quite forcibly insisted that he waste no time in making his preparations to start and remarked: "If you move as slow as you generally do the moose will be across the bay before we get ready to go."

This ruffled the old man's equipoise somewhat and he retorted: "There it is again! Always fretting about something. How many times I have told you to take matters easy. Don't you see the moose is coming our way, as things generally do?"

She said something about his enterprise, having had little to do with the discovery of Mr. Moose but desisted from further relieving her mind on the point with true womanly tact, knowing that the old man would rather argue than go after the moose. He made inquiries of the old lady as to the size of the moose and whether in her opinion he was in good condition and the probable chances of her being able to overtake him, until she became too vexed to make further replies. This he took to be a cooling down of her irritable temper, and he followed along to the bank of the creek and actually only stopped once on the way, and that was to sharpen his knife on his gun barrel remarking to the old lady as he did so: "It takes a sharp knife to skin a moose." But as he was about to step into the canoe he stopped and shouted "Te-wah! I have forgot my pipe," and back to the wigwam he goes for it.

The old woman's patience was about as nearly exhausted now as it well could be, she paced up and down the creek in a rage and her Indian vocabulary had about ran out when the old chap returned and seating himself in the bow of the boat with his little flint-lock shot gun,

which was his main dependence on this trip, he says "I am ready," but refused to take up his paddle and assist the old lady in moving the boat saying: "You paddle along, I want to talk to you. I know you can catch that moose before he can get half way across the bay and I want to tell you what you have got to do."

The old woman retorted: "Take up your paddle and help me, there will be plenty of time to talk after we have got the moose."

But the old man could not see that his duty ran in that direction and just then catching a glimpse of the moose he says: "I will now take a smoke for after we have got that meat to take care of there will be plenty of work to do and no time to smoke," and he deliberately takes his pipe from his kinnikinic sack and with his flint, steel and punk he starts a light and began to smoke.

The moose was now quite well along over the distance he had to swim and the old lady was and had been from the start using her paddle as for dear life and was fearful that she would not be able to overtake him before he should reach low water and again tries to induce the old man to take his paddle and help her, to which the old hero replied: "I will now tell you what I started to awhile ago and then I will help you paddle. You see, as soon as we get this meat, your relations will come and want some of it, but don't you give them a particle. We will carefully cut all the meat from the bones and dry it and lay it away. It will last you and me a long time and when your friends come you may make soup from the bones and that is good enough for them. Of course I will be there and be busy telling them what a hard time we had in getting the moose and how we got it to shore and will show them the moccasins we will make from the hide, which we will ornament so nicely with porcupine quills. I will manage to keep them busy and you be sure and not give them a bit of that meat."

The old woman had now given up all hopes of getting any help from the old man's paddle and she kept brushing away satisfied that she could overtake him without help, for the moose was getting tired as well as herself. The old man now faced about and saw the moose but a little ways off and shouted: "Bozhoo! moose, you are always afraid of an Indian. Don't hurry, we want to get acquainted with you."

In a few moments more the canoe was along side of the moose and the old lady said: "Take your knife and cut his hamstrings and cut his throat, too, he may get away yet."

"Yes," the old man said, "there it is again, always in a hurry. Lay down your paddle and rest. I will take hold of the moose and he will pull us along," and laying down his pipe he took hold of the moose, and patting him on the back says: "How nice and fat you are. I say, old woman, what nice eating he will be."

The old girl now made a rush for the knife to disable the animal, but the old warrior fought her away, saying: "Don't be in so much of a hurry. Give the poor fellow all the time to live you can. His meat will soon be boiling in the pot." But the old woman's fever was not going down a bit. She saw they were nearing the shore and knew the sand bars could not be far away and she again entreated the old man to kill the animal. She took the pole that she always carried in the canoe for use in shoal water and sounded and found she could touch bottom with it, and with a shriek of despair she shouted, "Be quick or he will get away." Just then the moose caught his hind feet on a sand bar and darted ahead and broke the old man's hold on him. The old lady made the best use of the pole and kept as well up to the animal as she could, and the old man really began to realize that something must be done pretty soon, and raising to his feet brought his gun to his shoulder to shoot, but snap went the old flint-lock again and again. The moose could now use all four of his feet, as the water was getting shallow. The old woman was doing her best, but the moose was gaining on her. Snap and snap again went the gun, and the old girl saw the jig was up. Her anger had reached its bounds, and reversing the pole she set it firmly on the bottom of the bay ahead of her and shouted, "Mar-chi-an-eim"—which means "old devil's dog" and was the only word used among the Indians as a substitute for stronger language until the appearance of the white man among them. The canoe paused and Mr. Indian and his flint-lock went headlong into the bay. The old woman turned her canoe around and paddled homeward, leaving the old man to get out of the water as best he could and foot it around the head of the bay home, a distance of at least two miles.

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**The Idea of God**, by C. A. Beckwith of Chicago Theological Seminary (Macmillan). To those who are convinced of the presence of God in the universe this book comes simply as additional corroboration of their belief. For those who have lost the spiritual value that lies in the "unquestioning faith" in God, it may remove obstructions that lie in the way of that insight which has enabled humanity to cling to the idea of God through the ages. As the author says in his preface, "This work aims at such a presentation of the idea of God as will enable it to function in the life of today." It is not sectarian. The proof of that lies in the impossibility of anyone who has read the book assigning to its author membership in any particular creed or church.


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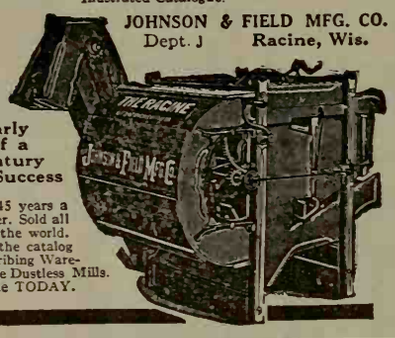


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Education Moves Ahead, by E. R. Smith (The Atlantic Monthly Press), sets out in an informal manner, for teachers and parents, the progress that has been made during the last generation in methods of preparing children to play a more efficient and intelligent part in the life that they will encounter when they leave school. It views child education from the standpoint of a greatly changed social order, one that consequently demands different methods of training from those in vogue generations ago.

# Meow-w-w

*By Clarence Swanson*

MRS. ALFT brought her aged frying pan down on the top of her patched cooking stove with an emphatic clan-ng.

There—that's the very last of your pork, Adolph Alft," she exclaimed as if it was a fact she had long wished to announce, "and don't you be whining 'round me at mealtime because there ain't none on the table!"

"Now, woman, thar ain't no call to bust th' skittle as long as we got corn mush ye can fry." Adolph Alft dragged his long, awkward legs off the window ledge, and straightened his narrow, sloping shoulders in a gesture of disapproval. "Nobody was expectin' that pohk to last as long as Eternally."

"Nor as long as this old skittle, or this cobbled stove, or my weddin' hat, or—

"What's now?"

Adolph Alft had drawn his feet up between his chair's legs as if preparing to make a start to rise. His hand went to his graying hair and raked it unconsciously.

"Sho," he replied, sheepishly, "I forgot to tell ye yer folks are comin' over to dinner termorrow. I aimed to tell ye yestiddy, an' I musta forgot. I didn't tell ye yestiddy, did I, woman?" he asked, a thread of hope in his voice.

"Adolph Alft, you mean to say maw and paw, and Hen and Judy and the children are comin' to-morrow, and you sit there on your chair, and doze and don't say a word? What's more you eat up the last crackle of pork! And now nothin' in the house to eat, and nothin' to cook or bake! Adolph Alft, you ain't got but one thing to do, and you gotta do it. You gotta get some kind of meat. You hear? Bone Morelock might have somethin' you can borrow."

"Bone Morelock might, an' Bone Morelock mightn't—'s hard to say. Bone's been gone to Cincinnaty since a week ago Monday. Tell you what I'll do, woman, I'll take the hook an' line an' go down to the creek an' catch—"

"Adolph Alft, I know your scheme, an' you ain't goin' to no creek, and then slope off over to Lige Sparks and spend the night and to-morrow there. No, you ain't!"

"Woman," and there was indignation in his voice—righteous or not, "I said I was goin' to the creek, an' I am, an' I'm goin' to have a mess of fish when I come back that'll feed your people for a week."

"Go on then," capitulated Mrs. Alft. "And mind you if you ain't back home Monday noon so's to help Mr. Palmer with his fencin' there'll—"

"Woman, didn't I tell him I'd be ready to help him, an' didn't I tell ye I was goin' to fetch fish fer comp'ny dinner, an' ain't yer comp'ny comin' to-morrow, an' Mr. Palmer ain't a-wantin' me till Monday, is he? An' ain't—"

But Mrs. Alft, deeming argument with Adolph as futile, and exhaustive of the time she needed to fix up for to-morrow's dinner, turned to the stove and clattered its lids to overwhelm Adolph Alft's oratory.

He acknowledged his rout by easing himself to his feet and casting his eyes about for a sight of his fishing basket. He discovered it where it always stood in its periods of rest. As he bent to pick it up a sinewy gray cat leaped hurriedly out, and shot beneath the cookstove, six inches in advance of the hostile sweep of Adolph Alft's long, jean-clad leg.

"Scat there! Ain't ye got home 'nough 'round here 'thout livin' in my basket?" he asked of the cat as he put the cover on the creel, and took a small well-worn paste-board box from the corner shelf. He opened it as he had a thousand times, to assure himself it contained his line and hooks, and not buttons, nor corks; slowly closed it again, and poked it into his hip pocket.

"I'll be back against sundown anyhow, woman, with the finest mess o' fish that ever got hungry."

His wife's thin, blue-clad back shrugged her doubt. She dropped three corncobs and some moldy chips into the stove.

"I wisht you'd get back so's you could find me some bakin' wood before dark."

"Right back soon's I fill my basket," he cheered from the doorway.

Year's ago Adolph Alft had found a fishing hole that seldom failed him. It was on Snarly Creek. On the bank of his fishing hole was a knoll, and this he had trimmed and shaped until it resembled the old couch at home, and possessed all its allurements. Shade from a thicket of cottonwoods fell upon that hallowed spot from one end of the day to the other. Here he could lie and dream or fish, and never yet had a voice wakened him demanding "bakin' wood", or a tub of water, which was a material advantage over his domestic couch.

True to form was Adolph Alft, even on this day of promises—he let himself down easily on his earthy, ant-ridden couch as tho he feared for its aged springs. He set the basket by his feet,

extracted the paste-board box, then reached up back of his head and retrieved an elderly, weather-beaten bamboo pole before settling back for a moment's wool-gathering.

The creek gibbered continually as it knotted and twisted its endless length past "th' hole", about two feet from the foot of the hand-finished couch. Its insane chuckling and laughter never failed to bring an expansive feeling of peace to Adolph Alft. Forgotten were the promises of "the mess o' fish for comp'ny"—forgotten was the "bakin' wood", unprocurable after dark.

Time enough to get his mess of fish, if they were biting—if they weren't biting, no amount of time would mend matters, he thought.

How long he had lain there he did not know—strangely enough he was not even startled when a big catfish lifted itself out of "th' hole" and wriggled up to the foot of his couch.

"Go on back," murmured Adolph Alft. "I'll look after yeh by and by." He straightened out one long, jean-clad leg and pushed the impatient catfish back into the creek, drew his leg back and resumed his loud, regular breathing.

No other catfish intruded, and, well, maybe it was time to look after—Adolph Alft rolled over and back, sighed, and automatically reached for his paste-board box.

What made it so dusk?

He sat up a little quicker than customary and was just in time to see the rim of the sun between two cottonwoods, sinking into Sparks' Hill..

His basket, where was it? It wasn't at his feet where he always set it. Now he recalled the catfish that had climbed out of "th' hole" to see what Adolph Alft was doing that he had no time for fishing. This was an absurdity—Adolph Alft knew—catfish do not venture up on dry land. Then he remembered pushing the catfish back into the creek, and where the impudent fellow had climbed to was the identical spot where Adolph Alft had set the basket. He peered down stream. Despite the approaching dark he discerned something bobbing in the ripples, apparently caught on a snag about twenty feet away.

"Woman," he said aloud to himself, "I slep' too long an' I guess there won't be any meat for comp'ny dinner. An' you said a piece ago there wasn't nothin' to bake, so I guess you can do without bakin' wood till to-morrow."

He walked down the bank until he was opposite his runaway basket.

"What's the matter with you?" he scowled at it.

The basket was almost submerged, and it looked to Adolph Alft as if only the snag in the fugitive's course had prevented it from sinking.

"Wood don't sink," he stated uncompromisingly, "so what are you doin' under water?"

He broke off a young poplar, jerked its branches from it, and poked it out at the apprehended basket. After several tries he hooked it, turned it right side up — the cover fell shut. Carefully he drew it toward him — to lose it now meant it would sail free down the creek, or sink, as it appeared it had the cantankerous notion to do. Dusk had deepened into dark when Adolph Alft plucked the basket out of the water and held it from him while the water rushed out thru its loosely woven sides and bottom.

A vigorous flopping inside the basket caused a moment's chill to race along his spine. It was eery, there in the half-dark.

"A mushrat," he assured himself, by saying so aloud. "I'll take him home an' let th' woman fry his hams for supper. Ain't enough for comp'ny nohow.

"By Granny, they's two or three, an' big uns, too!" Adolph clapped his hand over the cover and held it down while he fought a dark way thru the thicket. Soon he gained the broader trail. An orange glow from the window of his home then directed him thru the gloom.

Now and then an energetic flopping and jerking told him the captured ani-

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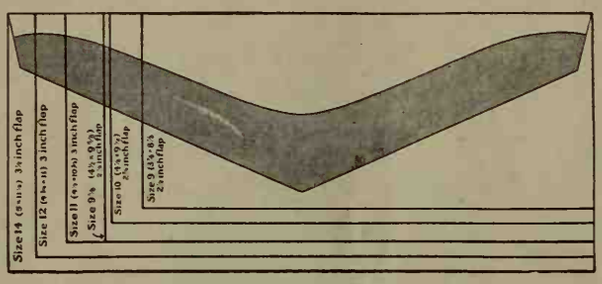


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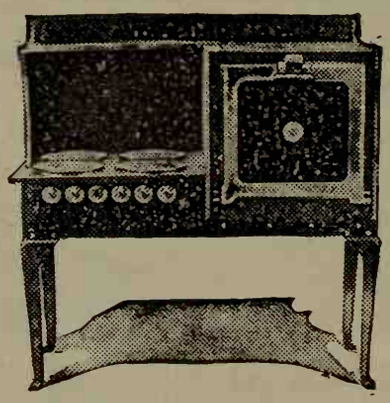

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mals were protesting their imprisonment. His wife was coaxing the kitchen fire when he entered.

"There's your fish, woman," said Adolph Alft. It was the nearest approach to a joke he ever got.

He slid the cover back a scant inch, held the basket near the lamp and squinted thru the narrow opening. The lamplight did not fall exactly favorable. He shook the basket but could not elicit a stir. Mystified he pulled the cover quite open. The basket was two-thirds full of as fine a mess of catfish as he had ever caught in one afternoon.

Adolph Alft dumped the fish out on the table in a half-hypnotized manner. The last to fall out was a wet, messy handful of cat-nip the family cat had carried there for her own creature comfort.

---

**Fighting Foes Too Small to See**, by Joseph McFarland, M. D., Sc. D. (F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia). The battle of humanity against disease, both that which infects human beings and that which infects animal and plant life, has been waged since human life began. But up to modern times men were striking in the dark and their weapons proved ineffective against the ravages of the disease, both because they were the wrong kind of weapons, and because men did not know the foes against whom they were fighting. With the advent of the microscope, however, came a new era of enlightenment, and today success is crowning the efforts of the diligent warriors who have devoted their lives to the elimination of disease. What these invisible foes are against whom we have been fighting so long, and until lately so unsuccessfully, how they attack, how dangerous they are, and how they can be routed and defeated, is the subject of this book, which treats of technical matters in a way the layman can understand.

**St. Francis of Assisi**, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Doran). With his usual brilliant style and penetrating analysis, Chesterton here presents the life of St. Francis, dealing principally with the inconsistencies in the character of the saint which are not, in his opinion, inconsistencies, but an integral part of the complete character of St. Francis. Whether we agree with Chesterton or not does not matter. The fact remains that St. Francis was one of the most powerful spiritual forces of the Middle Ages, and anyone who reads this biography must come away impressed with the magnitude of his spirit and the beauty of his character.

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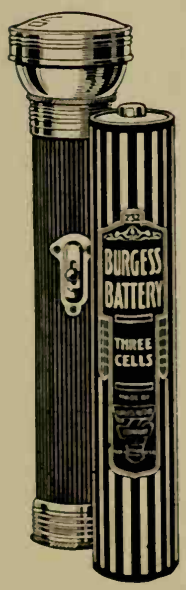


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